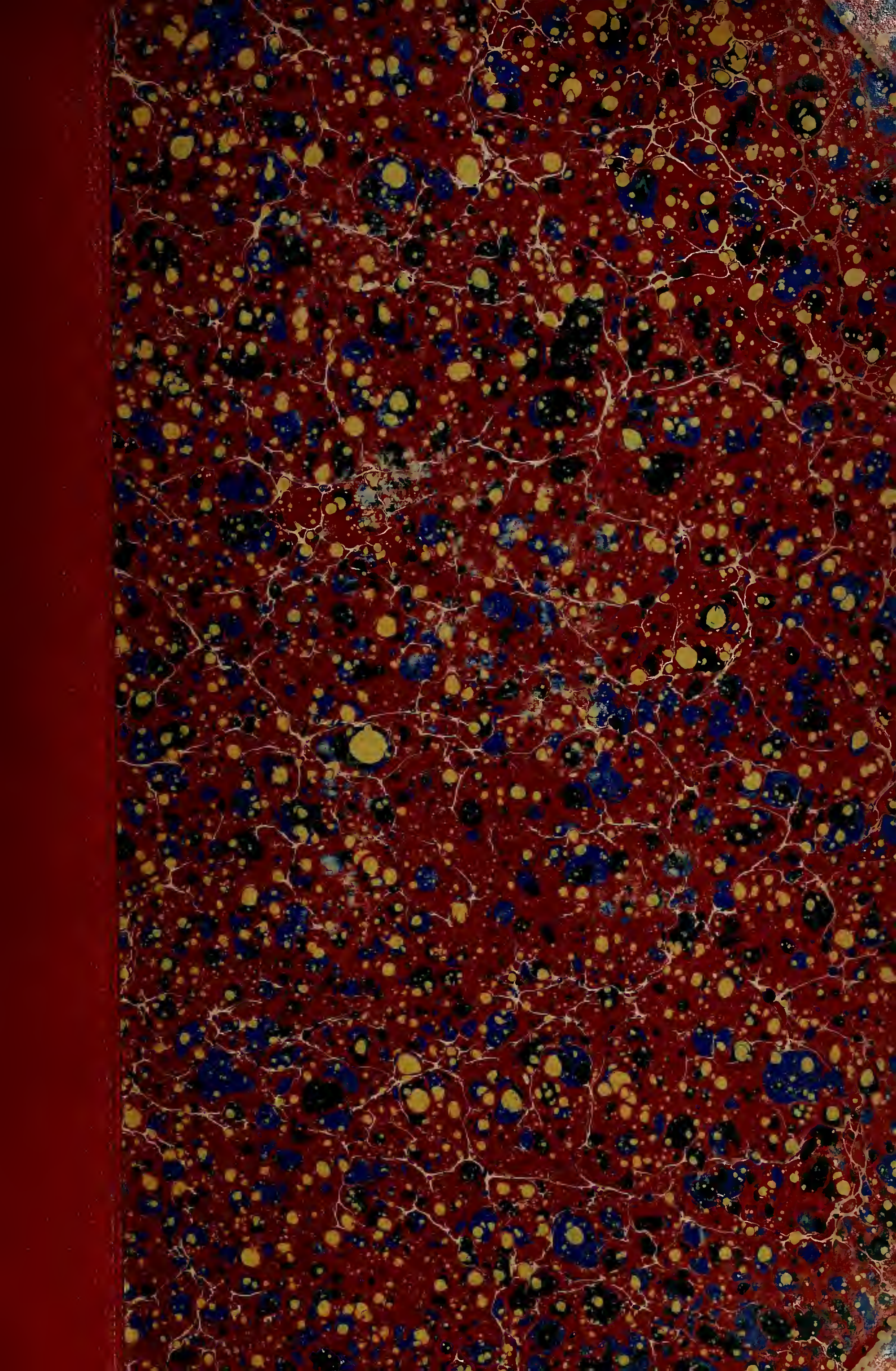



AAB

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

IZEŸL

Prix net: 6f

Bernhardt in "Izeyl."

Sarah Bernhardt began her American tour at Abbey's Theatre in New York on Monday evening, with the first p- formance in America of "Izeyl." The opinions of the metropolitan critics with regard to the play are somewhat diverse but there is a striking unanimity in th judgment upon the actress's art, as is evident by the quotations below:

With added experience and unfailing powers, says the Post, she is, of course, as much as ever mistress of all the technical expedients of her art. To display these in their fullest efficiency and with the greatest possible amount of rapid and striking contrast is the object of the four-act play "Izeyl," written expressly for her by Armand Sylvestre and Eugène Morand, and played with great success in Paris. In "Fédora," "Théodora," "Gismonda," "La Tosca" and the rest, she had exhausted almost the whole field of morbid feminine passion, and it became necessary either to return to the portrayal of characters more or less akin to human nature, or to seek theatrical opportunities in some new direction. The authors conceived the notion of a romantic, mythical, poetic drama, semi-religious and semi-passionate, with an infusion of spectacle and melodrama, and assigned to the Orient an indefinite number of centuries before the Christian era. It must be admitted that in putting their idea into execution they have exhibited literary facility, considerable dramatic ingenuity, some poetic imagination, a keen appreciation of the theatrical value of religious sentiment, and no little discretion in the treatment of it, although they have not succeeded in veiling the fact that poetic inspiration, didactic purpose and moral principles were secondary requirements of Mme. Bernhardt, who of late has misapplied her abnormal gifts to the not altogether successful attempt to reconsile the antipodes of human emotion.

Gabriel Pierne, a young French composer of great taste and skill, says Charles Henry Meltzer in the World, has written some delightful and ingenious music to accompany the action in "Izeyl." It is never obtrusive frequently characteristic, and aids greatly in sustaining the unquestionable interest of the work, which, except towards the close of the third act, is more akin, perhaps, to poetry than drama proper. Like other French musicians of our day, Gabriel Pierne has a marvellous control of picturesque orchestral effects. His oriental harmonies are curious, fine and piquant to a fault. The incomparable music to which Bizet set "L'Arlesienne" is, perhaps, the nearest parallel that could be found to M. Pierne's score. Of Mme. Bernhardt's wonderful performance of Izeyl I hope to speak in detail later on. It may be ranked among her very noblest efforts. It lingers in the memory like the beauty of a sensuous dream.

Sylvestre is a journalist of somewhat gross and Rabelaisian humor, yet capable at times of poetry that has a suave and dainty grace. Morand is best known as a watercolor artist. Here was hardly the material, one would think, says the Herald, for a play that professes to probe the saddest and greatest mysteries of life, that deals with the most sacred emotions, and has for its hero one of the noblest and purest of the teachers of humanity, the Messiah of the Orient, Prince Siddartha, otherwise known as Guatama Buddha. Yet, throughout, no note of insincerity is struck, and despite a slight undue confusion of carnal with spiritual love, the play on the whole is an apparently earnest and a certainly effective treatment of a noble theme.

The first two acts of "Izeyl," says the Times, are not exhilarating, certainly, and the scene of temptation and self-abnegation proved to possess no startling quality. It was interesting and beautiful, and treated by Bernhardt with exquisite simplicity and grace. The third act was looked forward to by folks who had come to be stirred, and they were not disappointed. But it was free from any suspicion of trickery. The hysterical joy of the penitent woman before she realized Scyndia's purpose, the frenzied passion at the moment of the murder, the succeeding ony of remorse and despair, the expres- n of terror when the people first pro- aimed her doom, and the denotement of tranquil resignation as Siddartha bids her accept her fate willingly, were examples of the actor's art in its highest development. In the last scene the striking make-up, the solemn surroundings—the picture, in short—make most of the effect.

The play, the scenes, the character, are written down to the atmosphere of the Bernhardt woman, says the Mail and Express, and up to the scope of the actress's surest command of her superb art in its varied phases. The performance is wonderful in its force, and at times in its thrilling simulation of nature, as in the third act, in which the murder occurs; and the role being made specially to fit her, the personation is impressive throughout.

The famous Frenchwoman's art, which seemed faultless four years ago, says Hillary Bell in the Press, has now rounded out to more marvellous symmetry. She has lost nothing of her ancient power or subtlety, her eloquence of expression or her music of voice. But something new and rarer still has been added to her skill in a mes a chiaro obscura, a conservation of force for the splendid bursts of climaxes. Time, which has seemingly restored the whilom youth of her face and form, has increased her dramatic instinct, always extraordinary, now unparalleled. No foreign player, nor Irving, nor Duse, nor Mounet-Sully, could equal the superb art with which she comes back to us. It was a wonderful stroke she gave us last night in the murder scene, a consummate union of nature and technique, full of subtle lights and shadows, alike caressing and convincing, powerful in treatment, yet fininshed to perfection in even the smallest detail, and culminating in a magnificent sweep of tragedy.

After this sketch of MM. Sylvestre and Morand's play, I need not, I fancy, enter upon any criticism of it, says Vance Thompson in the Commercial Advertiser. It is merely Sardou, sophisticated with a sensual mysticism, and written, it should be added, in delightful verse—in words that rustle and glisten. To drama of this sort, there belong murders and bestialities—splashes of dirt and splashes of blood. The instincts strut naked. There is no interval between the concept and the deed. There is nothing which lends human value to these abrupt and unexplained characters. The value of the play is purely theatrical. And with Sarah as Izeyl, its theatrical value is immense. You accept the play, therefore, merely as a frame, brilliant and golden, but wood for the actress; nothing more. As an acting drama it is rudimentary and artificial in a degree. It makes no pretence to scratching the surface of Buddhism. I wish it had.

"IZEYL."

Bernhardt Introduces a New Character.

"Rosedale" Revived by Mr. and Mrs. Mason.

"The Brownies" Greet Friends at Hollis Street.

Journal. — Nov. 4

Madame Sarah Bernhardt began an engagement at the Tremont Theatre last evening, presenting for the first time in Boston a drama in four acts by Messrs. Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand, entitled "Izeyl." Here are the leading characters and actors:

Madame Sarah Bernhardt	Izeyl
Le Prince	MM. Darmont
Le Yoqui	Deval
Scyndia	Deneuberg
Le Tukkutiki	Chameroy
Le Tisseur	Angelo
Le Lepreaux	Lacroix
La Princesse Harastri	Mesd. Patry
1ere Princesse	Seylor
2ere Princesse	Berthilde
3ere Princesse	Moskovite
4ere Princesse	Gournay
Yami	Boulanger

Before attempting a criticism of last night's performance, let us come to an understanding. We in America are a hypocritical people. We are ashamed of an honest ignorance. Many of us know a little French; that is, we can read the language by much sweating over lexicon and grammar. To such of us the spoken language is as Fiji, merely a succession of barbarous sounds. Others of us know no more French than has been stolen for home consumption. We could not get the meaning out of the simplest of Parisian sentences, even to maintain our position in society.

Consequently, when Bernhardt comes, we bluff. If we are bold and careless of public opinion we buy a "book of the play," and are miserable. If we are timid and prone to blush, we sit in haughty disregard of the playbook and are miserable.

For those few fortunate mortals—those infinitesimally few—in last night's audience to whom French is as a native tongue, for those who could appreciate the music and rhythm of the verse, the delicacy of the sentiment, the loftiness of the ideal, the charm of the poetical figure and fancy, which make the drama "Izeyl," we do not write. They had an evening of rare enjoyment.

* * *

Properly speaking, the leading character in "Izeyl" is the Buddha. While the stage is usurped for the most part by the woman Izeyl, it is the Prince who forms the never changing background. He rules. While the story reminds one slightly of certain features of the story of the New Testament, this resemblance is by no means fundamental. It is more fanciful than real. Had not the authors given many unnecessary tokens of what was in their minds— those 12 disciples, for instance, and the prototype in scenic effect of the sermon on the mount which opens the second act—the Christ and Mary Magdalene would never have been suggested.

The drama is not a good one for the use to which Bernhardt is at present putting it; it is too difficult to interpret through the medium of a foreign tongue. Scarcely any action brightens the first two acts. We are early introduced to Izeyl, the courtesan. Almost immediately she appears, but she does nothing.

She is a mere listener to the argument between the Prince and the Yoghi. The second act promised more, but revealed as little. The Prince is found on a mountain top, preaching and expounding his gospel. Izeyl comes to him to tempt; she stays to worship. The temptation, which, unfortunately for the spectators, was carried on in semi darkness, was of the mildest sort.

These two acts prepare for the tragedy of the third. Indeed, one has a suspicion that it was for this third act that the play was written. It was certainly because of this act that Bernhardt became Izeyl.

Izeyl, in whose face shines her new-found joy, has returned to her home. During her absence Scyndia, one of her princely lovers, has become King. While she is preparing to sell her treasures and lead an humble life the King, known to her only as Prince Scyndia, visits her, bringing gold and priceless jewels. She asks him if they are hers to do with as she will. He says they are. Immediately she has them borne away to be distributed among the poor. Then Scyndia would press his suit.

With gentle firmness—who can forget the picture the actress presented, as, with outstretched hands she thrust back the impetuous man, her head, with its emphatic no, telling the whole story?—she strove to repulse him. He would not go. She tried to make him understand the change which had come over her. He would not listen. He embraces her. Frienzied, thinking only of her own peril, she seizes the dagger in his belt. He falls back once in alarm. Then he grasps her again. She stabs him.

Too late Izeyl realizes what she has done. She is horror-stricken. She has violated her master's teachings. What would she not do to bring back life into that poor bit of clay? A knocking is heard at the door, and the instinct of self-preservation asserts itself. The poor woman, moaning and half mad, covers the body and staggers to the door. Her visitor is the dead King's mother.

To her Izeyl rehearses with wonderful vividness the scene which has just been enacted, her eyes ever and anon seeking that cloth beneath which lies—she knows what. She knows now that she has killed the King, but her courage revives when Harastri says the woman is justified in killing to defend her honor. At last comes an end to the great suspense. The mother learns that it is her son who has been mudered, and the sympathizer, the friend becomes the harsh judge. Izeyl is condemned to a death by torture.

* * *

With this act interest for the mere lookers-on declines. The fourth act is but a slight improvement over the first two. Izeyl, sightless, bruised and broken by her torment, passes away in the arms of the Master, who calms her last moments by the assurance of his love.

* * *

Bernhardt's art was evidenced in all its power in the third act. No one can portray pure, unbridled passion as she can. There is in her nature an immense sympathy with primeval traits. She is not modern. She has nothing to do with self-restraint, with the crowding down of the emotions and the elevation of the dead level which is the characteristic of modern life. She is an animal. She weeps, she laughs, she rages. Why? Because she feels like it. This is the keynote of Bernhardt's acting. It explains her great success with characters of the Sardou school and with those of some of the old masters—characters who suffer, and suffer out loud.

Bernhardt's support was even. It was competent, but nothing more. M. Deval's Yoqui somewhat overtopped the others. M. Darmont's chief fault seemed to be a lack of power. He did not make the personality of the master sufficiently impressive.

Something About "Izeyl."

Sarah Bernhardt has not been seen in Boston for four years, and three of the roles which she will present at the Tremont Theatre this week are practically new to Boston theatre-goers. "Izeyl" is one of the most sensational novelties of a decade on the Paris stage. Heimath ("Magda,") while it has been done here in English by Mme. Modjeska, has never been seen in French, and Racine's "Phèdre" is so old as to be new to the present-day play-goers. For "Izeyl" Mme. Bernhardt brings her original cast from the Theatre de la Renaissance, Paris, and all the original scenes, properties and costumes. The play is a tragedy in verse, written especially for Bernhardt by Armand Sylvestre and Eugène Morand, two bright young Parisian dramatists. The music is by Gabriel Pierné. The story of the piece is a weird, semi-barbaric tale; but with the passions of primitive men and women.

The period of "Izeyl" is six centuries before Christ. The authors found the documens for their story in the legends translated by Burnouf. The first act takes place in the public square in the city of Kaplavaston. To the right is the high temple of Kali, and to the left the palace of the courtesan Izeyl. The Prince Scyndia is madly in love with Izeyl, and he bids his attendants bring flowers and music to give his usual morning serenade. His mistress appears with her attendants. While she is satisfied with the luxurious homage given she dreams of the unknown, and scarcely condescends to glance at the golden tripod stolen by the prince from the sacred altar of the temple to lay at her feet. Indignant crowds gather in the square and threaten Izeyl with punishment for the sacrilege, but the Prince Harastri calms the popular tempest by saying that such creatures must be treated with the silent contempt they deserve. This language is new to Izeyl. She likes it not, and seeks revenge.

Suddenly the trumpets announce the coming of the crown prince Saryamouni, who goes to the temple to pray before his coronation. Respectfully the people bow, but the prince seems sad and weary. He bids the Yogi to speak and tell him of the crimes, the sin and grief of the world. The diseased, the poor and suffering are brought to tell their tale of woe to the astonished prince, for he has seen only the bright side of life. He determines not to reign, and he gives up his empire, going to the desert to preach—a mere disciple of Yogi. Izeyl has hastened to the rescue and she says that did he know love, he would not go, and the Yogi dares her to try her power.

The second act represents a clear starlight night in the forest. Under the branches of a cedar tree the Prince is seated. In the distance flows the river, and now and then one hears the murmur of soft music and song, and the merry noise of laughter in the illuminated barges. It is here that the new disciple must be tempted. Women come and kneel at his feet, beseeching his love, but he will not listen to their prayer. Suddenly Izeyl appears, beautiful and statuesque, in a long robe of silk and gold. She kneels to confess her life and sin. She is tender, repentant, caressing. She weeps and implores, but all in vain. Faith triumphs, but the man is kindly. His words are gentle, and when he talks of spiritual love, and of the beauty and happiness of pure faith and hope, Izeyl believes and becomes the Madeleine of the Hindu Christ.

The third act is very dramatic. After walking three days and three nights through the desert, Izeyl has returned with Yogi to her home. She is ill, and comes only to have her treasures sold to give everything to the poor. But another severe trial is in store for her. Scyndia, in her absence and unknown to her, has become the king. He is carefully watched by his mother, the Princess Harastri. She shuts him up in his room every night and guards the doors of her palace. Nevertheless, the prince escapes and leads a merry life. He brings to Izeyl treasures, jewels and gold, and she asks if she can take them without promise, and then she tells the Yogi to give them to the poor. The king becomes violent and aggressive, and Izeyl indignant and outraged. Finally, in the struggle, she snatches his dagger from his belt and kills him. She does not know that she has killed the king. The king's mother discovers the deed. Upon her order, Izeyl is condemned to the torture. They tear out her eyes. They beat her with sticks. They stone her on the place of public execution. There she is left to die. The Buddha, the master, comes to her, and when he confesses that in the desert she did indeed tempt him, for he is, despite his creed, but a man, she dies content, for death does not matter much to the woman who knows she is loved.

IZEŸL

Drame Indien en 4 Actes

DE

ARMAND SILVESTRE & EUGÈNE MORAND

Musique de Scène

de

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

PARTITION CHANT ET PIANO



PARIS

A. DURAND ET FILS, ÉDITEURS

4, Place de la Madeleine, 4

Imp. Delanchy & Cie. Paris

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** M. 3 vv. 9

Allen A. Brown

Aug 14. 1896

A GEORGES CLAIRIN


à Gabriel Pierné
son ami
1894. G. Clairin

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ACTE I

ACTE II

ACTE III

ACTE IV

Pour la partition, les parties d'orchestre et les parties de chœur, s'adresser aux Editeurs-propriétaires

IZEŸL

ARMAND SILVESTRE
et
EUGÈNE MORAND

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

ACTE I

N° 1. Aubade

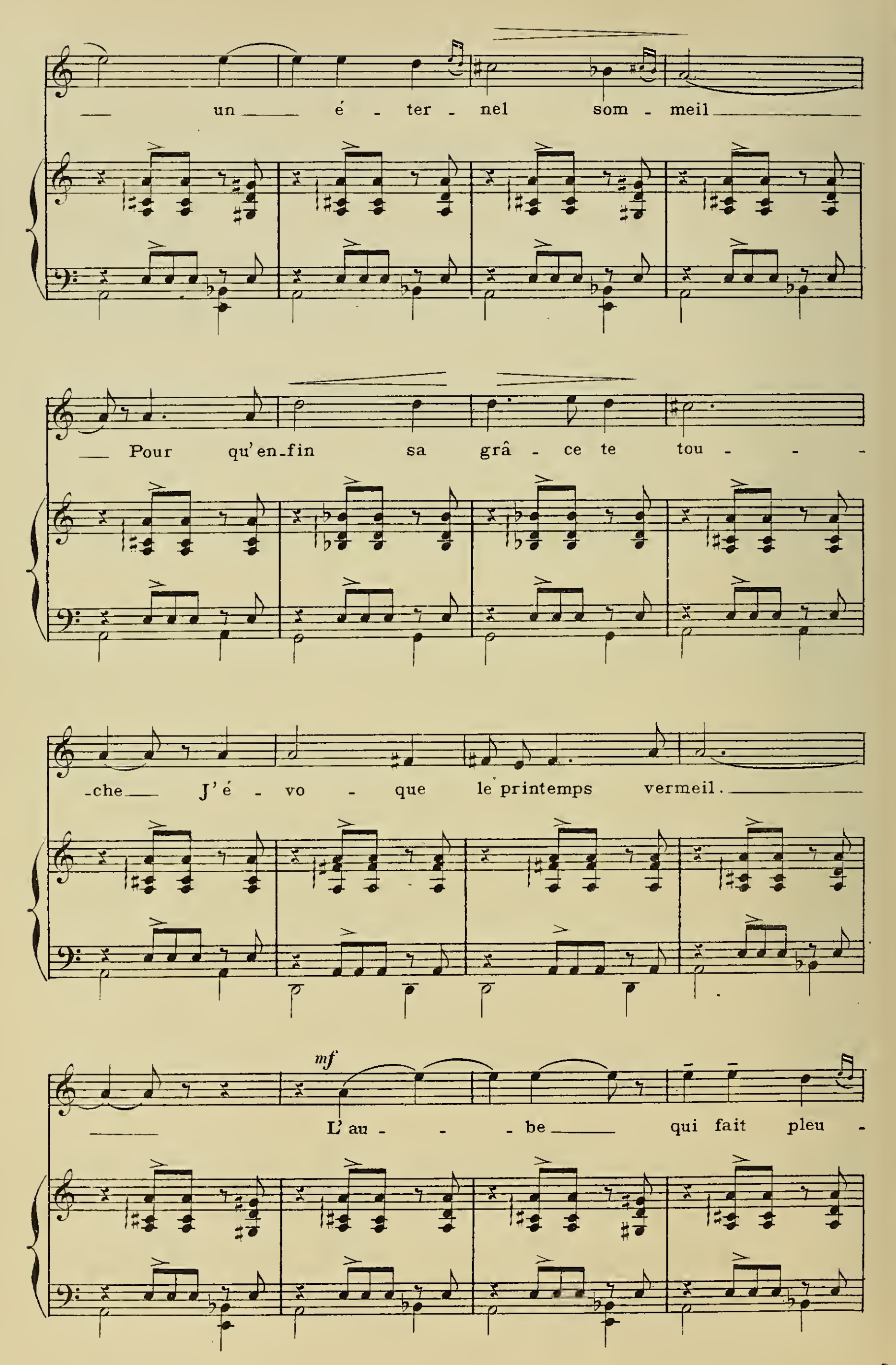
MODE NETTA

RÉPL: Qu'on lui chante les vers ou je dis qu'elle est belle.








un é - ter - nel som - meil
Pour qu'en-fin sa grâ - ce te tou -
-che J'é - vo - que le printemps vermeil.
mf
L'au - be qui fait pleu -


-rer des lar - - - mes Mê - -
- me aux sa - phirs loin - tains du ciel
Ne peut-elle at - ten - drir tes char - - -
-mes, I - zé - ÿl, I - zé - ÿl,
f
p
sf

f

— fille au cœur ——— cru - el ———

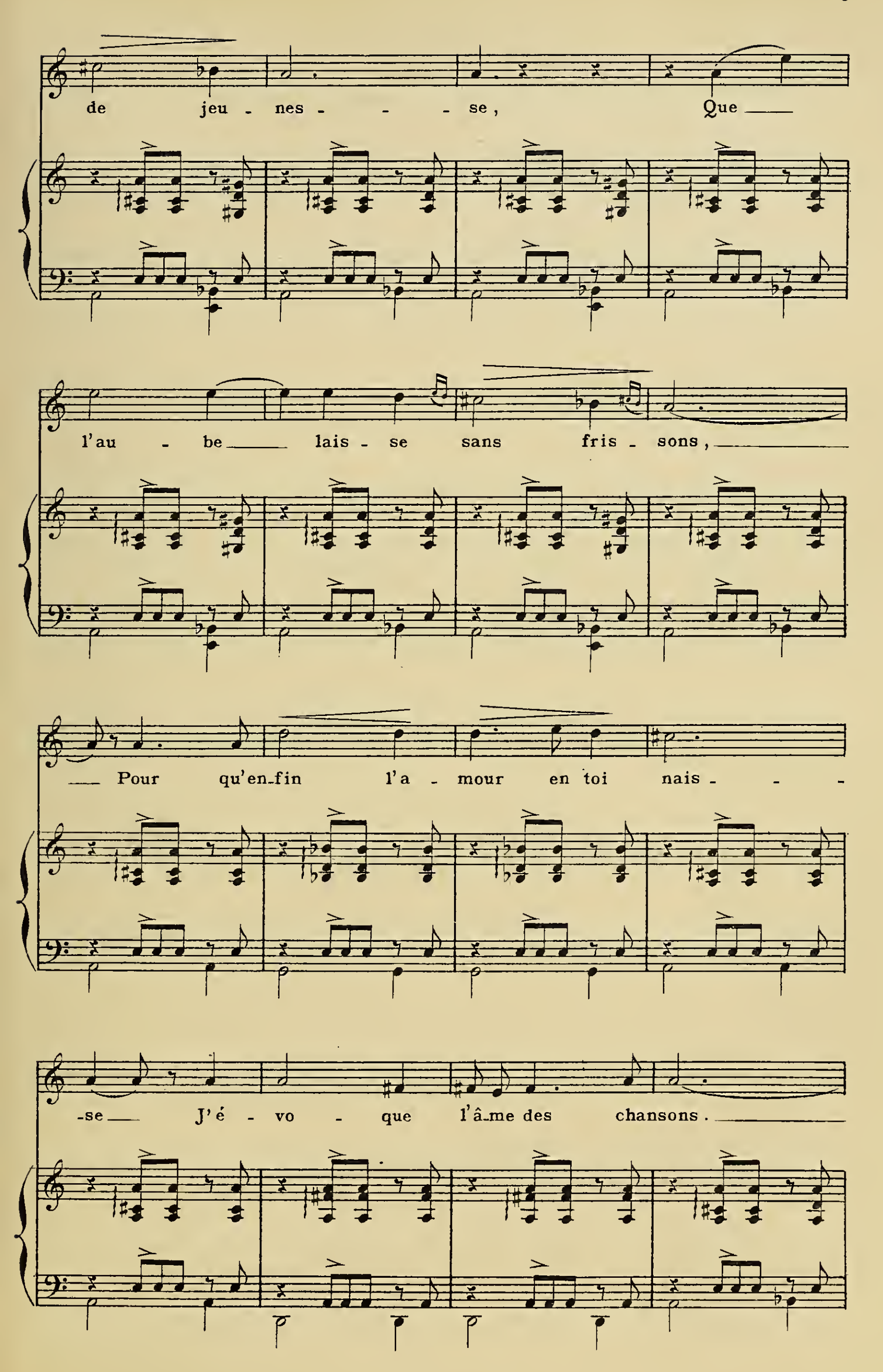
Hautbois

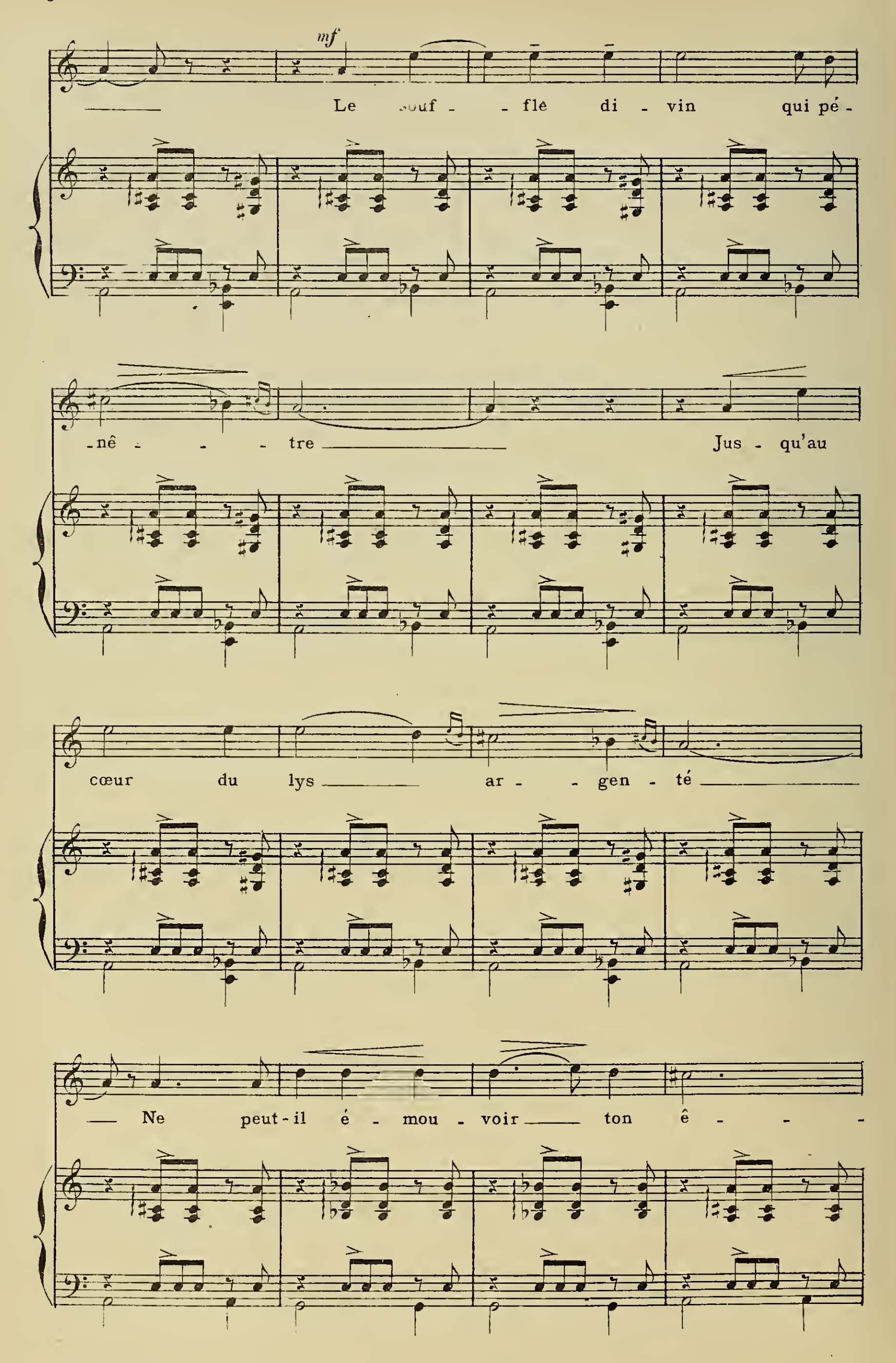
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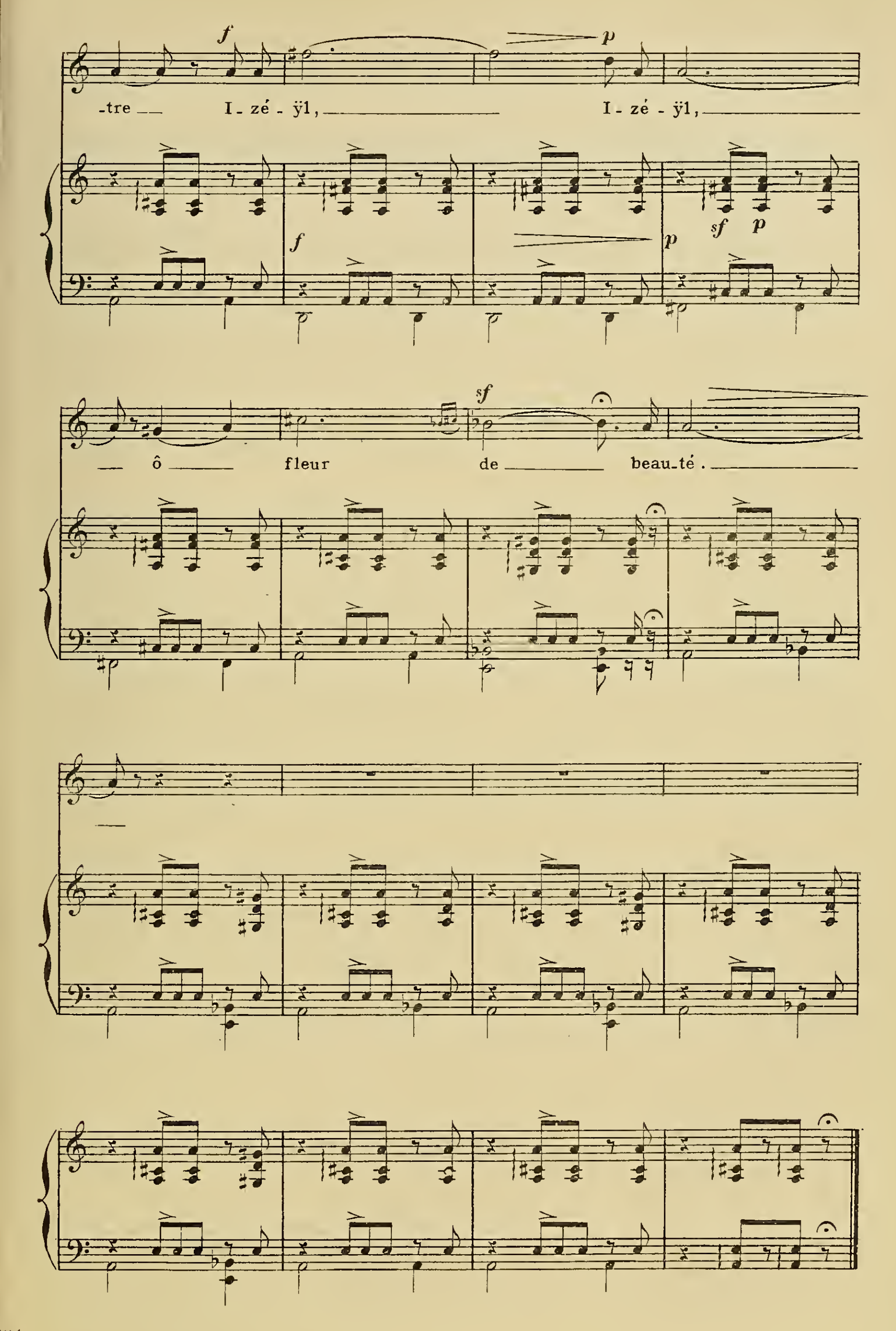
sf *p*

mf

I - zé - ÿl, ——— ô fleur


de jeu - nes - - - se,
Que
l'au - be lais - se sans fris - sons,
Pour qu'en-fin l'a - mour en toi nais - - -
-se J'é - vo - que l'â-me des chansons.


mf
Le souf - - fle di - vin qui pé -
-nê - - - tre
Jus - qu'au
cœur du lys ar - - gen - té
Ne peut-il é - mou - voir ton ê - - -



f
p
-tre
I-zé-ÿl,
I-zé-ÿl,
f
p
sf
p
sf
ô
fleur
de
beau-té.

Nº 2. Entrée du Roi

RÉPL: Dans le temple tous deux allons l'attendre ensemble.

O fils du roi, roi notre maître

Majestueux

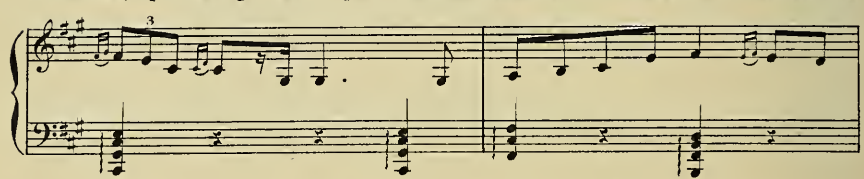
TÉNORS — Ah!

1res BASSES — Ah!

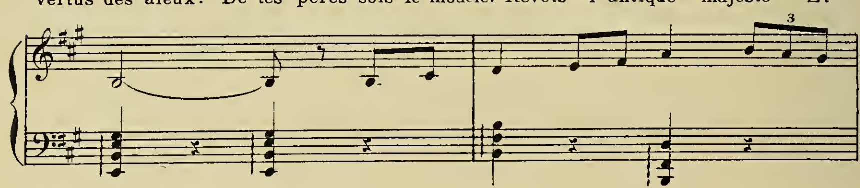
2des BASSES — Ah! Ah!

PIANO — Majestueux

Sidartha, prince glorieux que Brahma fasse en toi renaître Les saintes

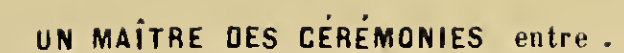


vertus des aïeux. De tes pères sois le modèle. Revêts l'antique majesté Et



que la victoire fidèle Porte au loin ton nom redouté. (cri de la foule)





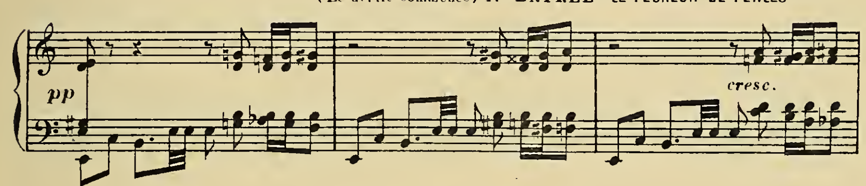
Roi, parmi tes sujets



chaque famille élue T'apporte ses présents, ô maître, et te salue !



(Le défilé commence) 1re ENTRÉE LE PÊCHEUR DE PERLES



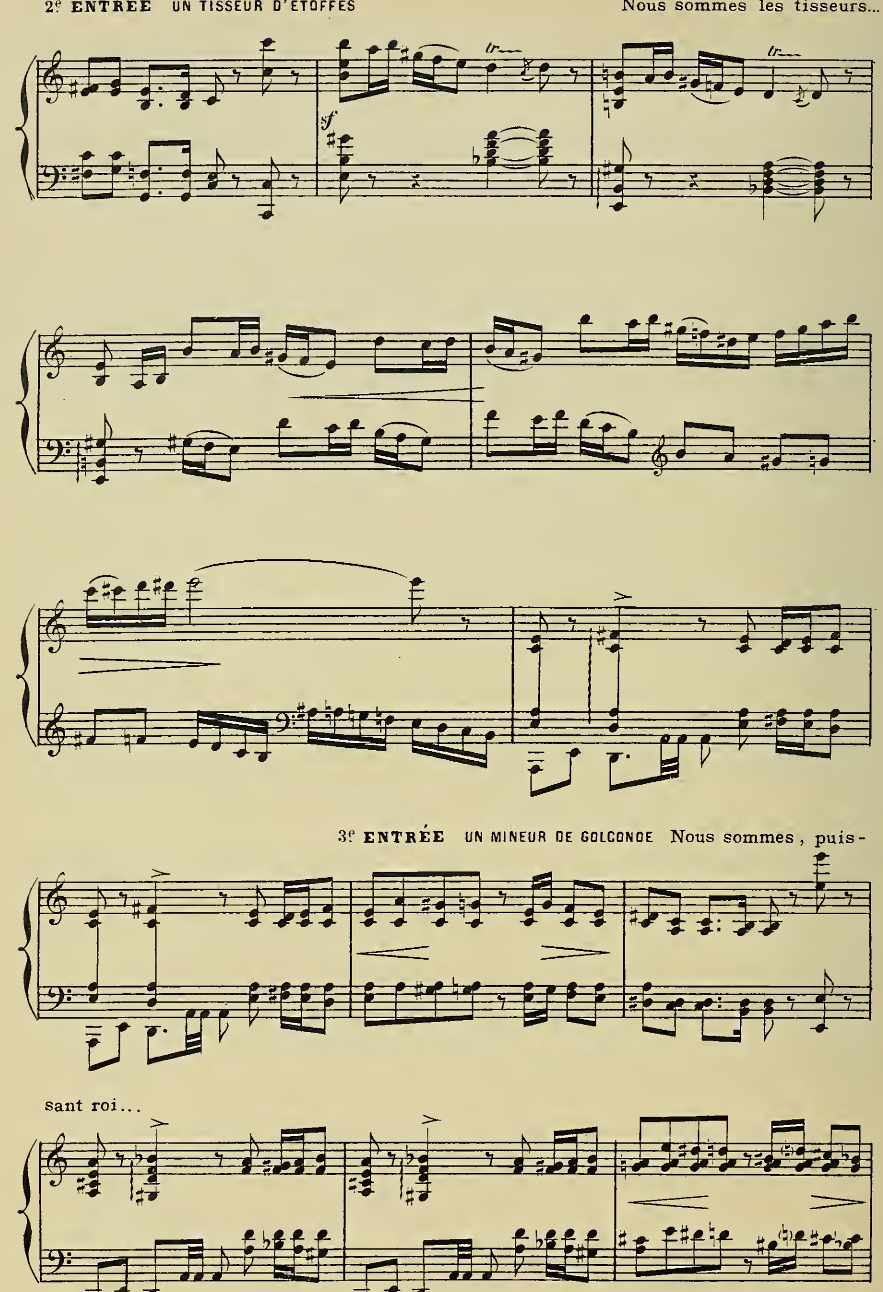
Nous sommes les pêcheurs...

p sf p sf

sf

cresc.

dim.

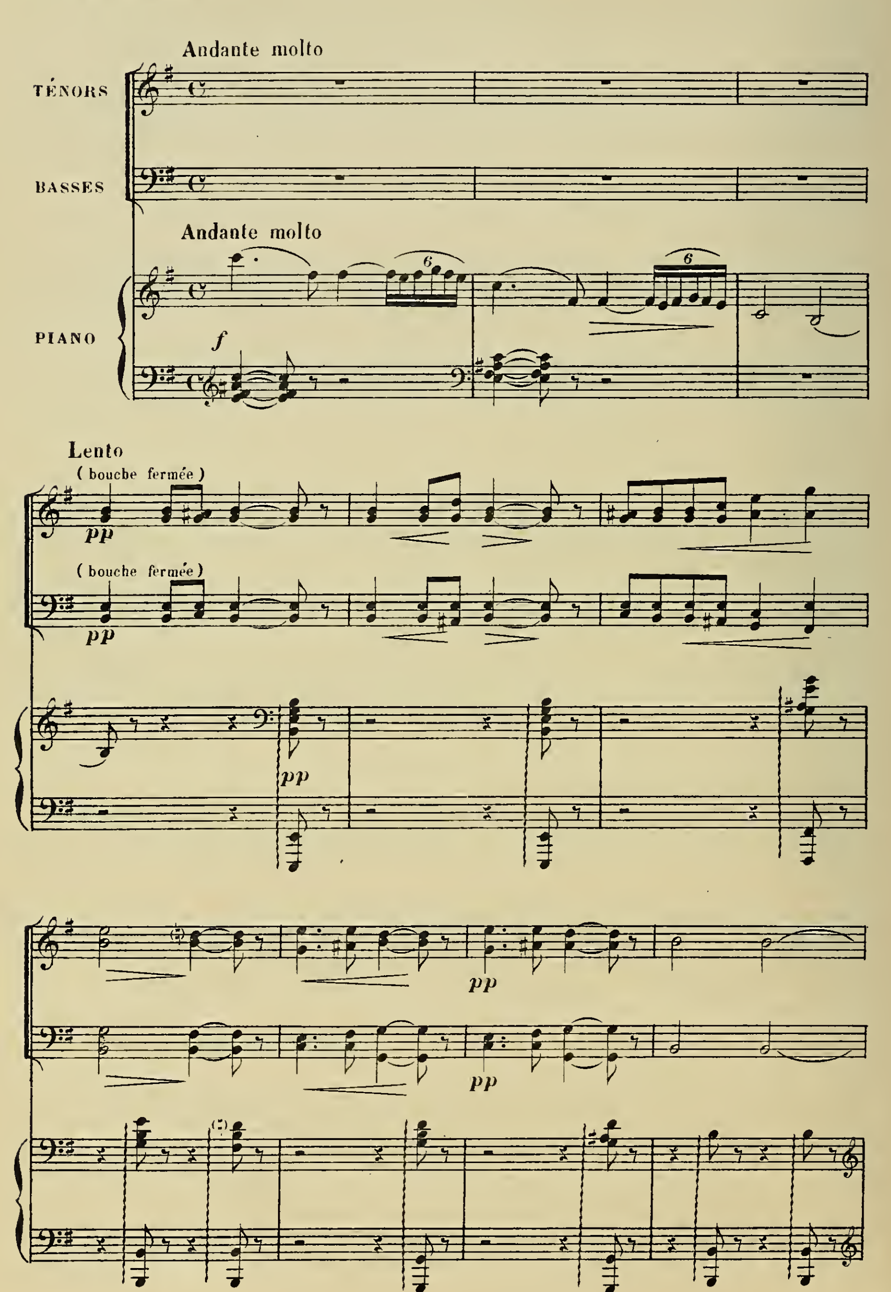

2e ENTRÉE UN TISSEUR D'ÉTOFFES
Nous sommes les tisseurs...
sf
3e ENTRÉE UN MINEUR DE GOLCONDE Nous sommes, puis-
sant roi...

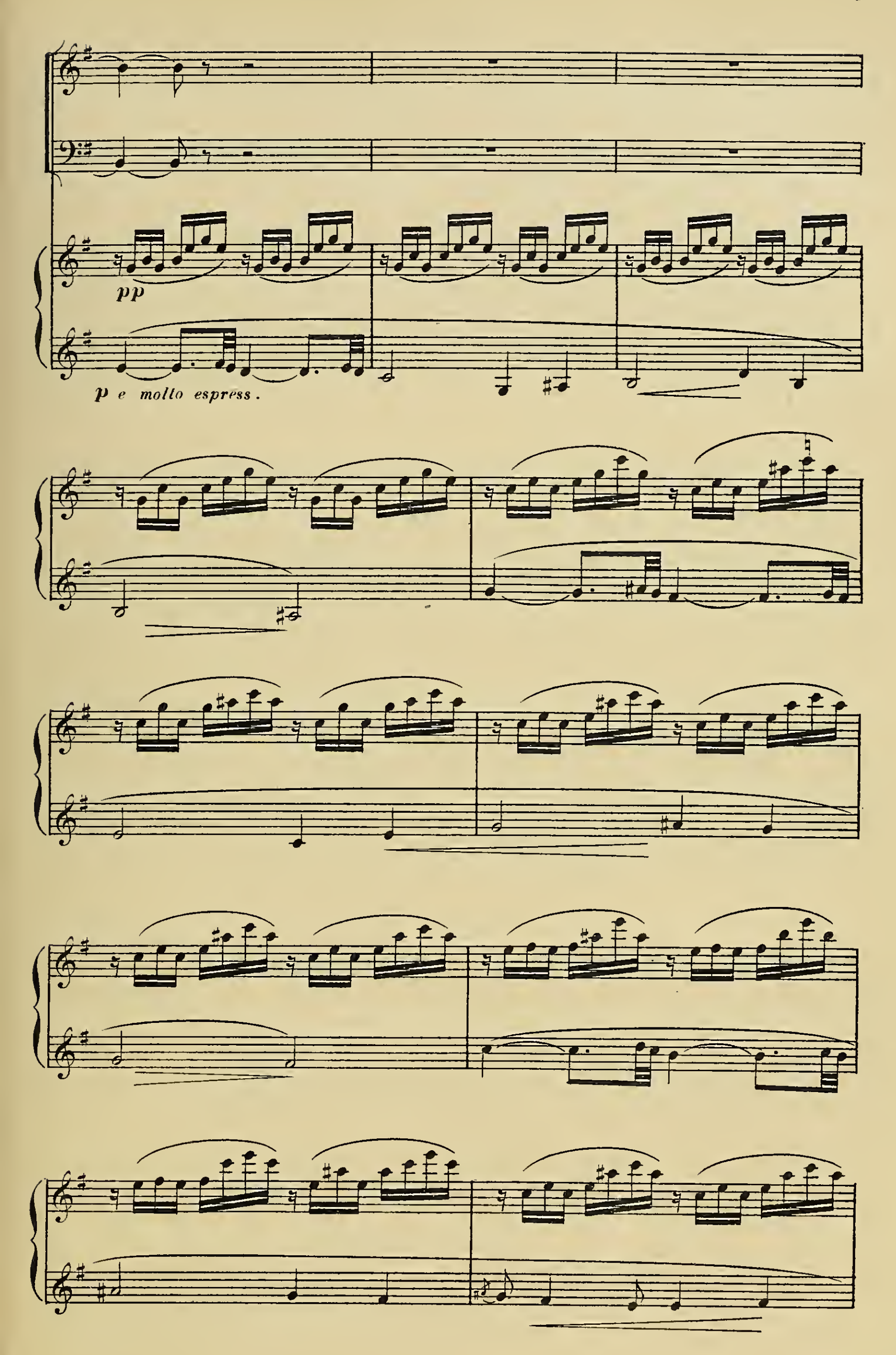

4e ENTRÉE
UN ROI
cresc.
Ce que nous t'apportons...
sf
p

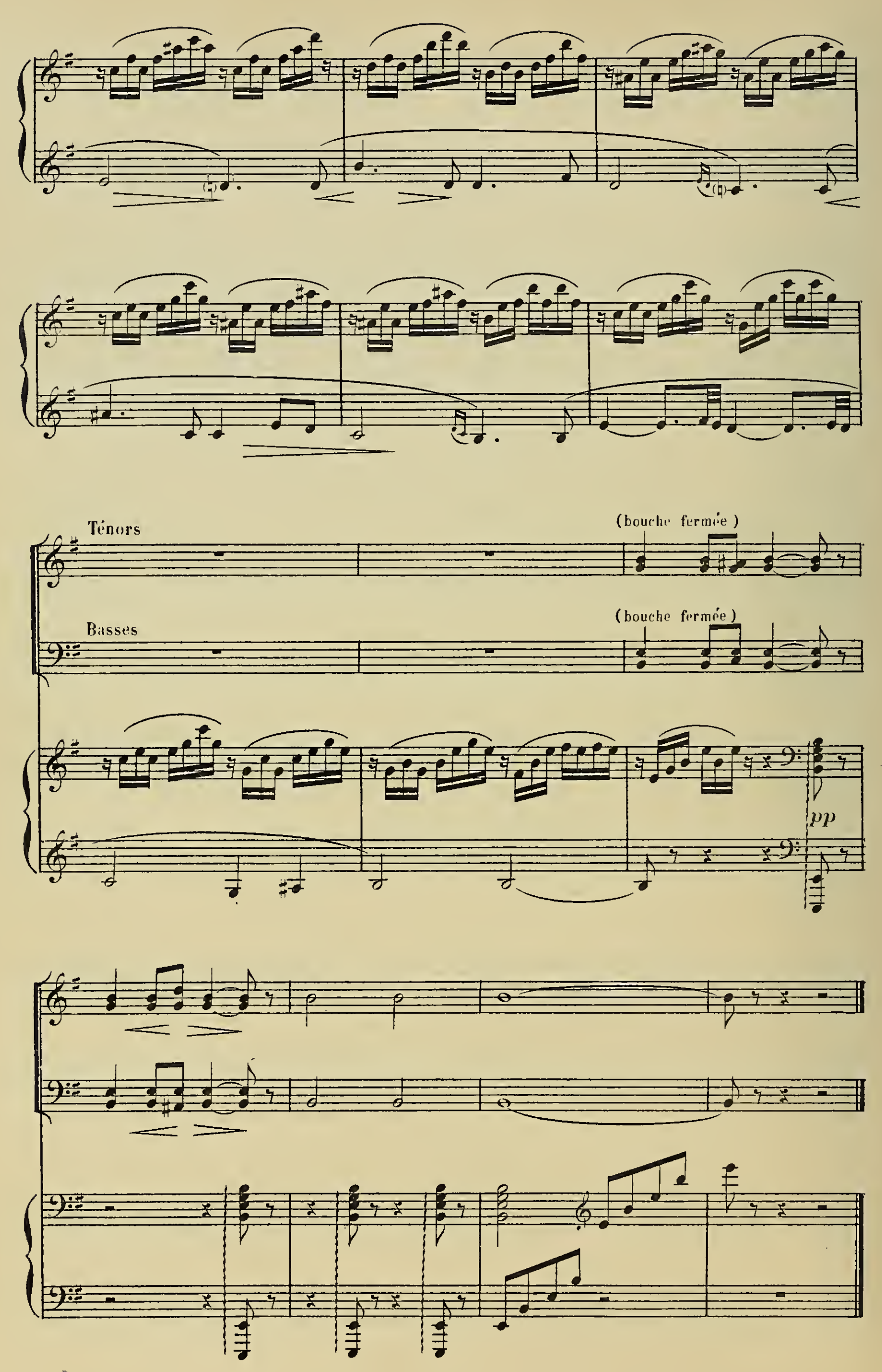
N° 3. Cortège funèbre

RÉPL: *Etre roi et n'y pouvoir rien, rien.*

(SUR LE MODE VARATI TRANSPOSÉ)



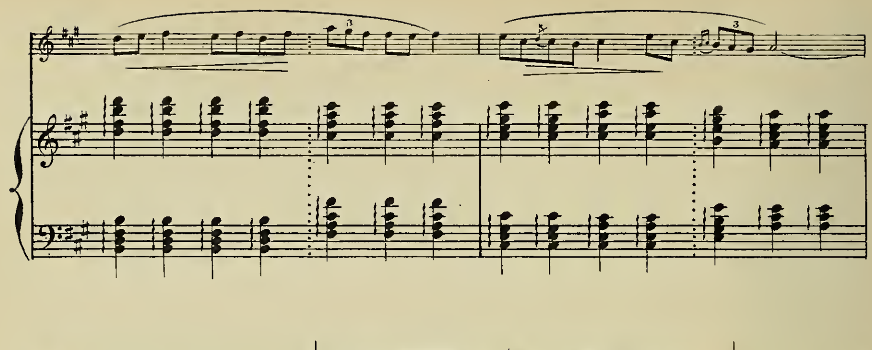

pp
p e molto espress.

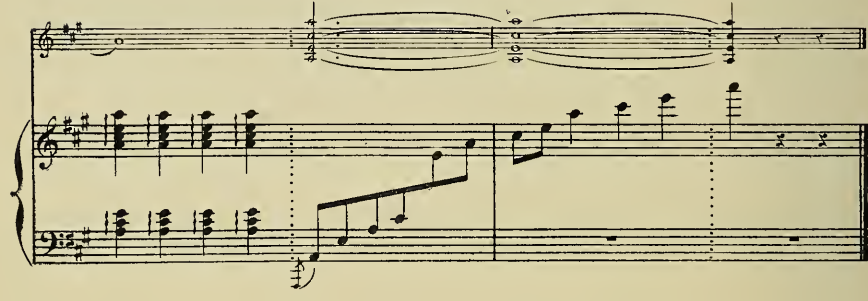

Ténors
(bouche fermée)
Basses
(bouche fermée)
pp

N° 4. Entrée des Princesses

RÉPL: Cet homme quel qu'il soit parlera tout à l'heure





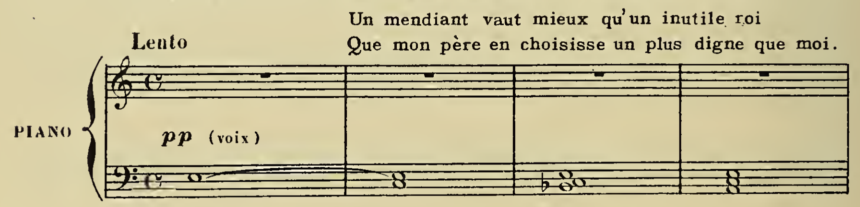


Nº 5. Stances du Prince

(*MODE BHAIRAVI*)

Bénis moi donc mon père

(Le Yoghi bénit le Prince. Tout le monde s'agenouille avec des murmures d'admiration)



Le monde était trop loin du trône   Et l'homme de ma royauté



Je vais partout porter l'aumône Puisque tout nait en pauvreté.



Le trône était trop loin du gouffre Où le sanglot succède au



pleur, Je viens pour consoler qui souffre Puisque tout vit par la douleur



Le trône est trop loin de la tombe Où tout descend d'où rien ne



sort Je pars enterrer qui succombe Puisque tout finit par la mort !



ACTE II

RÉPL: J'ai besoin de rester seul avec ma prière

Nº 6. Entrée des Princesses (REPRISE)



8

RÉPL: Avec le tranchant des éclairs

Nº 6bis. Sortie des Princesses

HAUTBOIS

HARPE

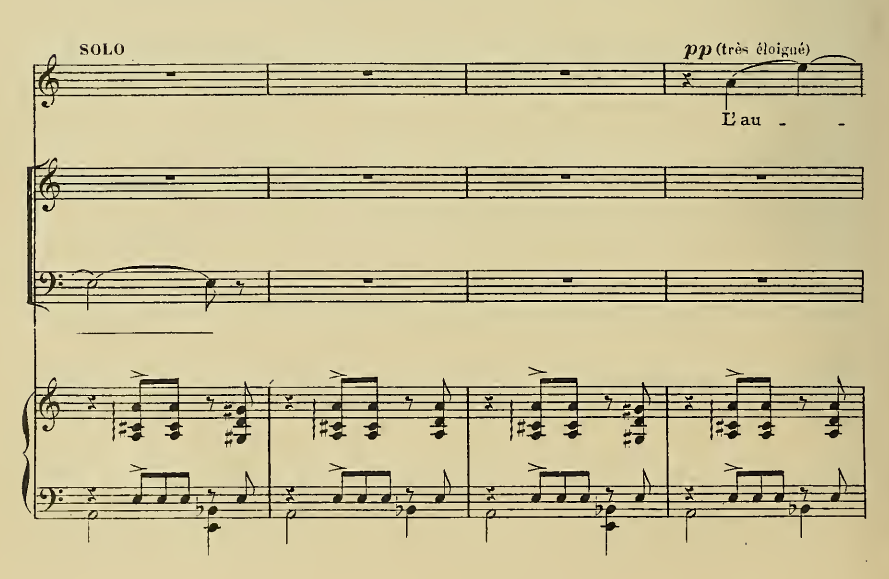
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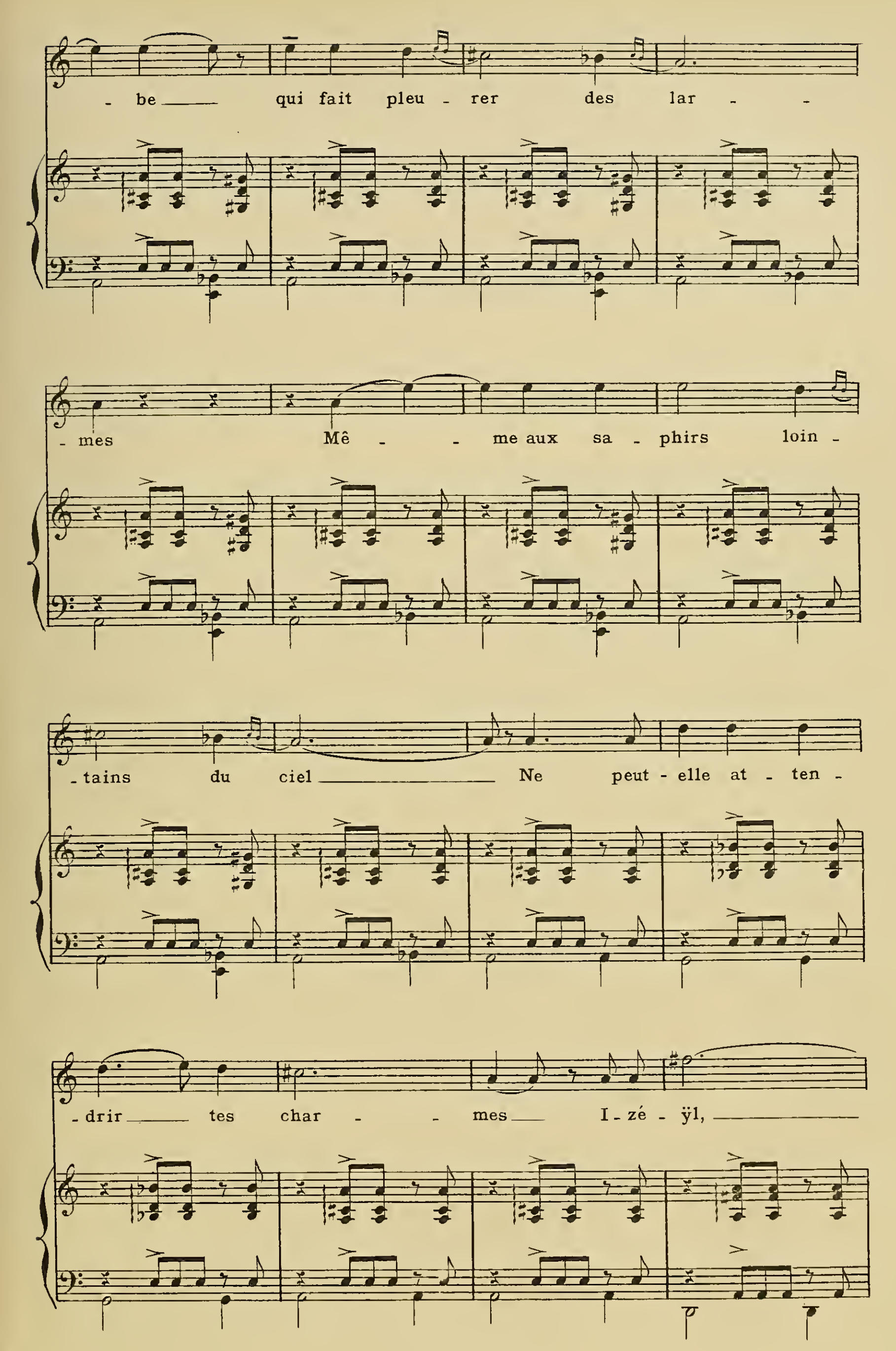
N° 7. Aubade (REPRISE)

RÉPL: Regarde aux profondeurs de la nuit





D


- be qui fait pleu - rer des lar - -
- mes Mê - - me aux sa - phirs loin -
- tains du ciel Ne peut - elle at - ten -
- drir tes char - - mes I - zé - ÿl,


I_zé_ÿl, fille au cœur
cru_el.
Ténors
Basses
ppp
I_zé_ÿl.
pp
I_zé_ÿl.
ppp
I_zé_ÿl.

RÉPL: Que sa cendre s'envole aux quatre vents du ciel

Nº 8. Prière Boudhique

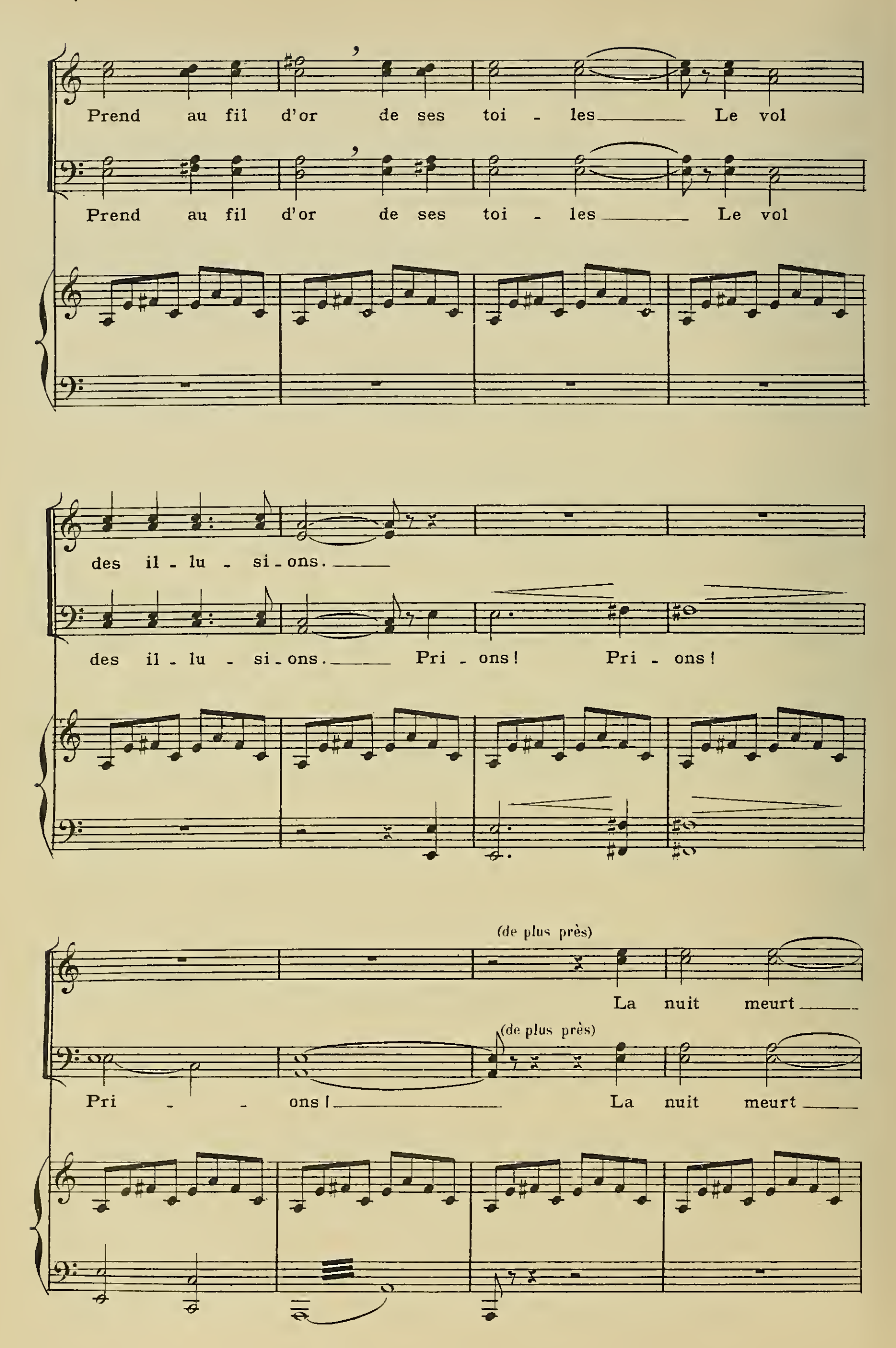


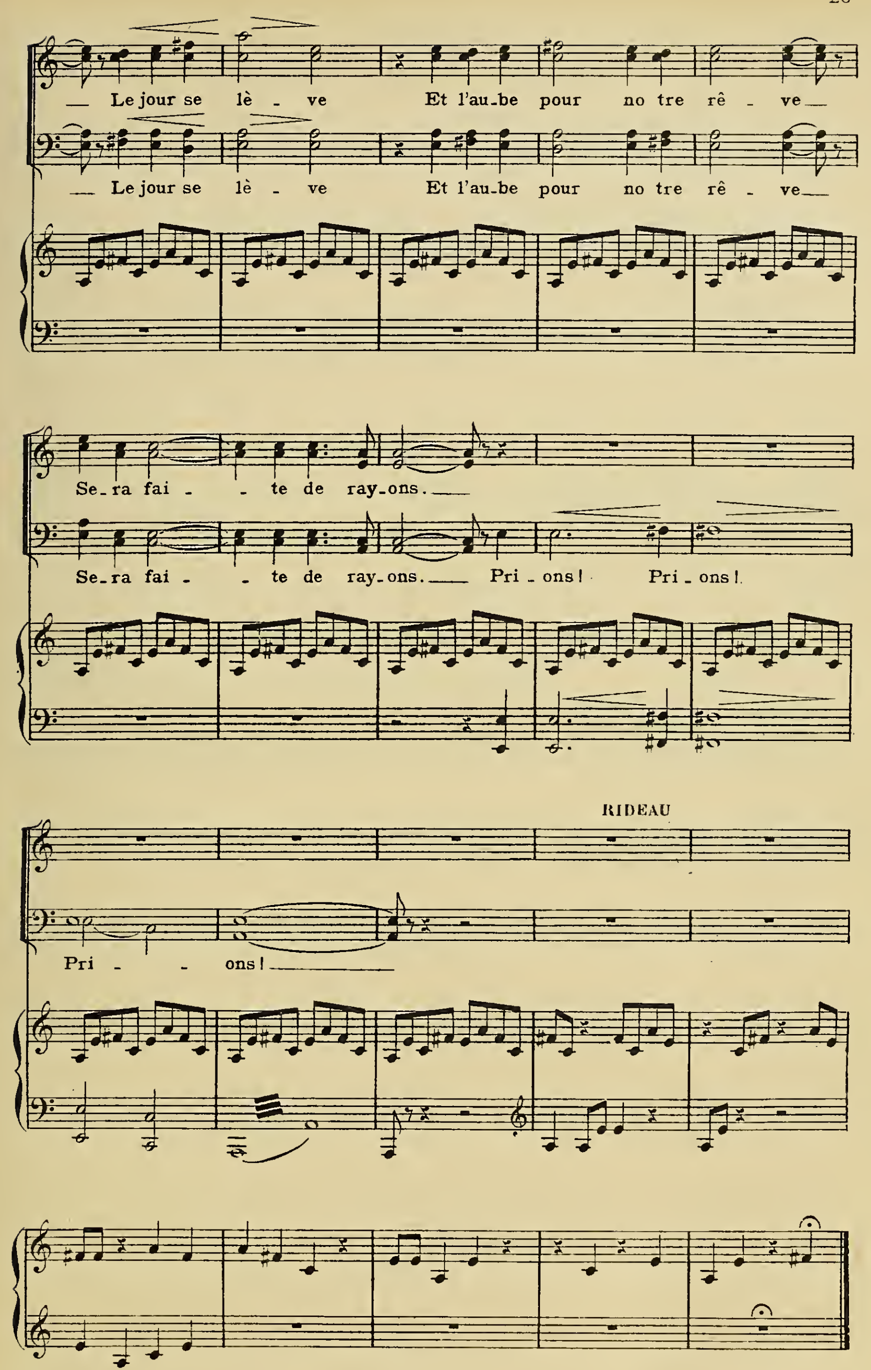
pp

La nuit, par - mi les é - toi - les, —

pp

La nuit, par - mi les é - toi - les, —


Prend au fil d'or de ses toi - les Le vol
Prend au fil d'or de ses toi - les Le vol
des il - lu - si - ons.
des il - lu - si - ons. Pri - ons! Pri - ons!
(de plus près)
La nuit meurt
(de plus près)
Pri - - ons!
La nuit meurt


Le jour se lè - ve Et l'au-be pour no tre rê - ve
Le jour se lè - ve Et l'au-be pour no tre rê - ve
Se-ra fai - te de ray-ons.
Se-ra fai - te de ray-ons. Pri - ons! Pri - ons!
RIDEAU
Pri - ons!

ACTE III

RÉPL: Pour la dernière fois voyez le jour encor

N° 9. Stances d'Izeÿl











deuil _Ô la pâle embaumée_ Dans le lit profond d'un cercueil



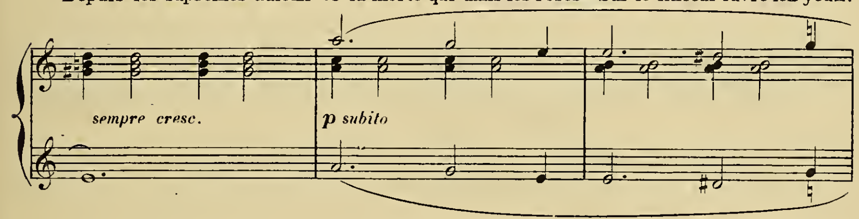
J'avais fait la tombe sans porte J'avais muré le seuil en pleurs _Ô la morte, la pâle morte_



De tout le poids de mes douleurs. Mais malgré ses paupières closes



Depuis les suprêmes adieux _O la morte qui dans les roses_ Sur le linceul ouvre les yeux.



Et voici qu'elle se relève Du tombeau profond de l'oubli



—Ô ma jeunesse, ô mon beau rêve—Je t'avais mal enseveli!



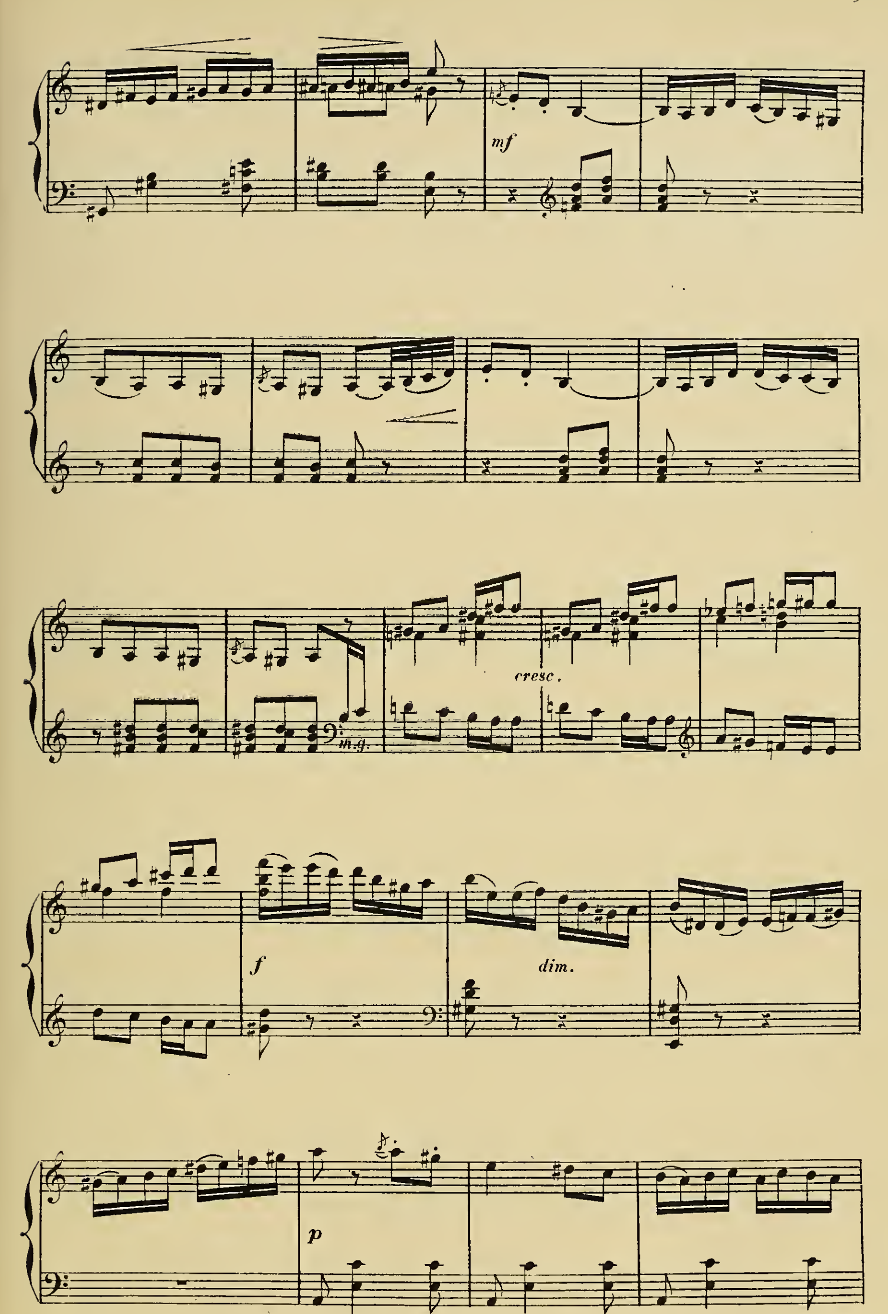
Nº 10. Sérénade à Izeÿl

All.tto moderato

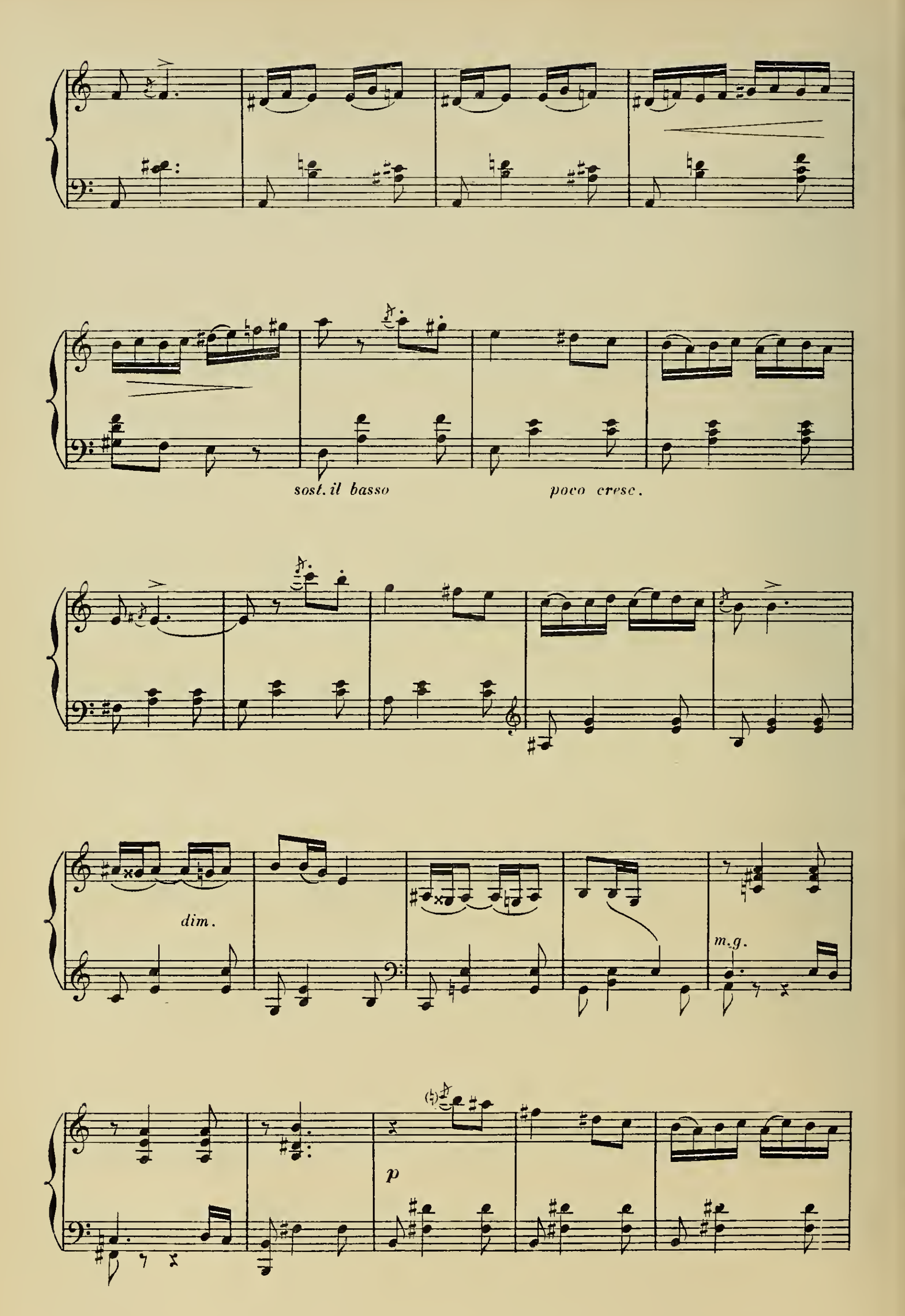
PIANO

p

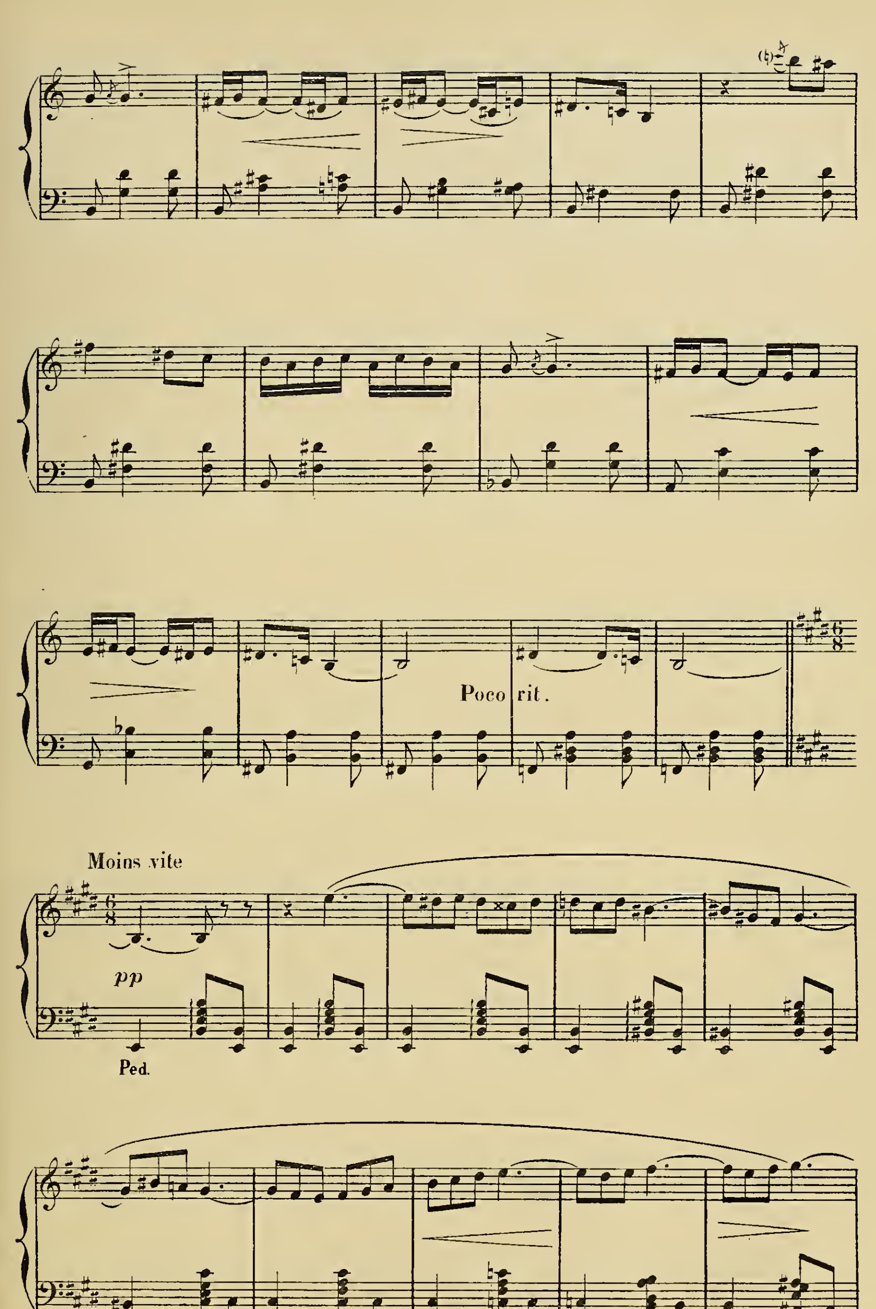
p



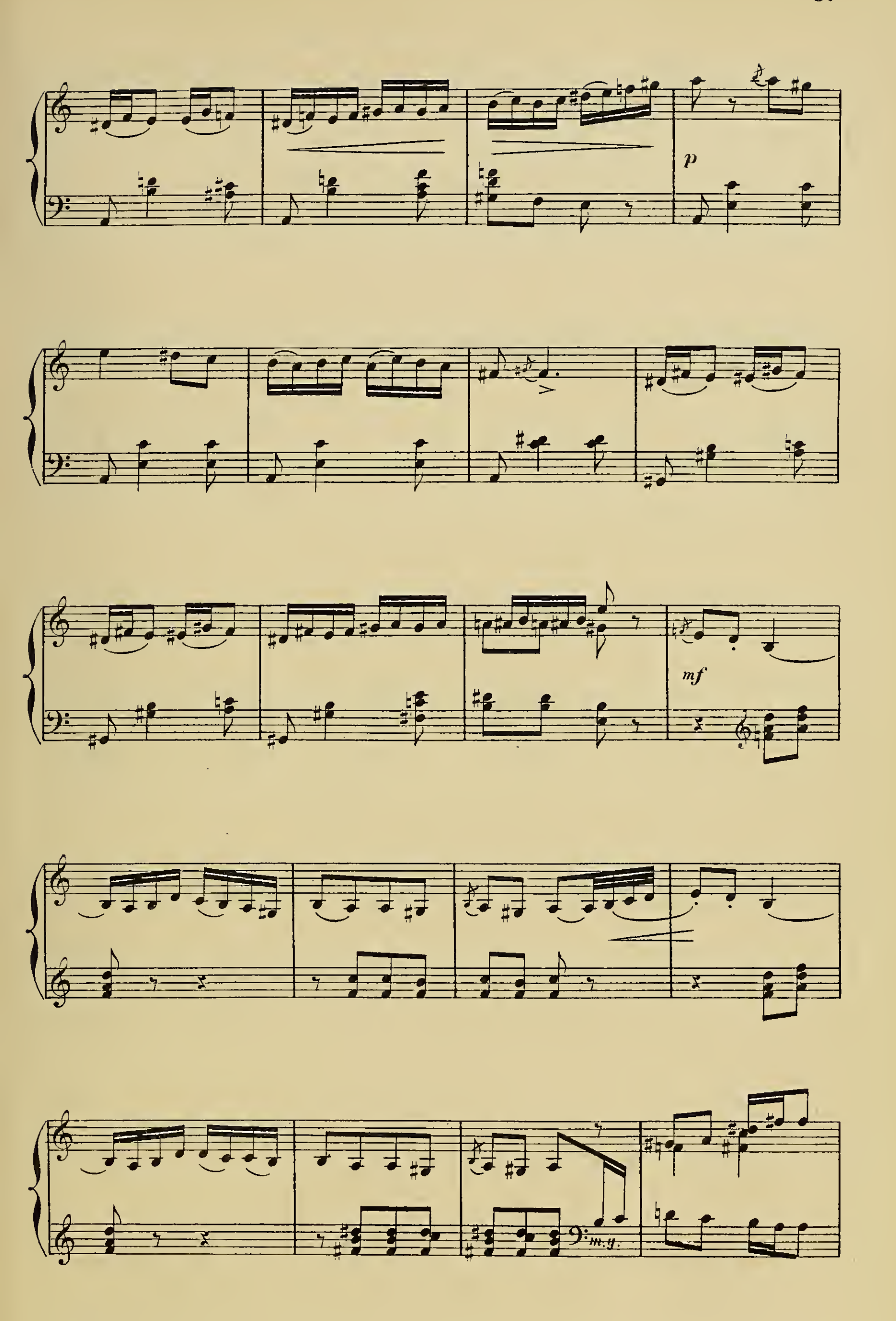
mf
cresc.
m.g.
f
dim.
p



sost. il basso
poco cresc.
dim.
m.g.
p


Poco rit.
Moins vite
pp
Ped.


p
pp
Al I° tempo
poco animato
p


p
mf
m.g.

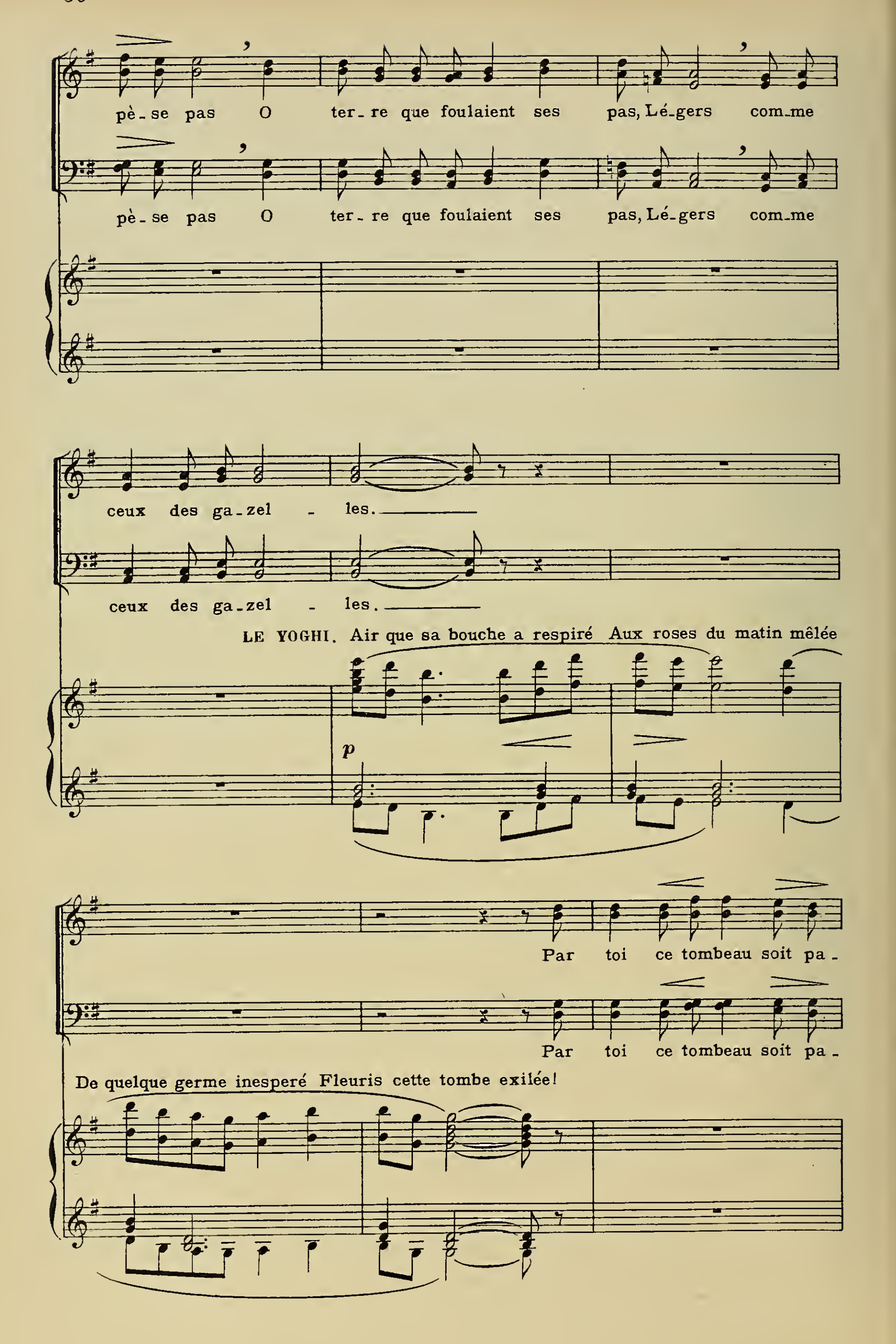

cresc.
f
dim.
Moins vite
pp
Rit.
ppp

ACTE IV

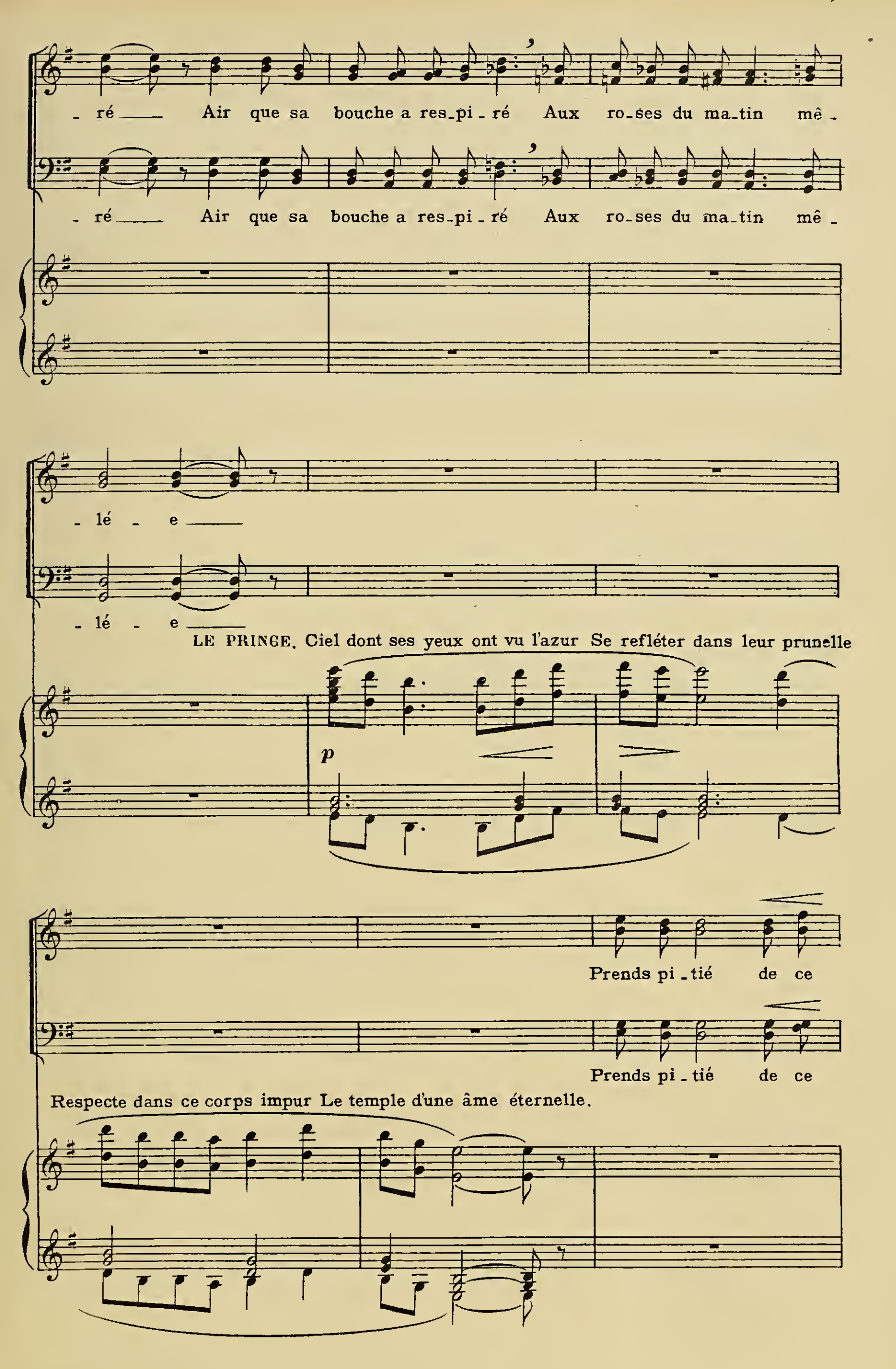
RÉPL. A l'ombre de ton aile.

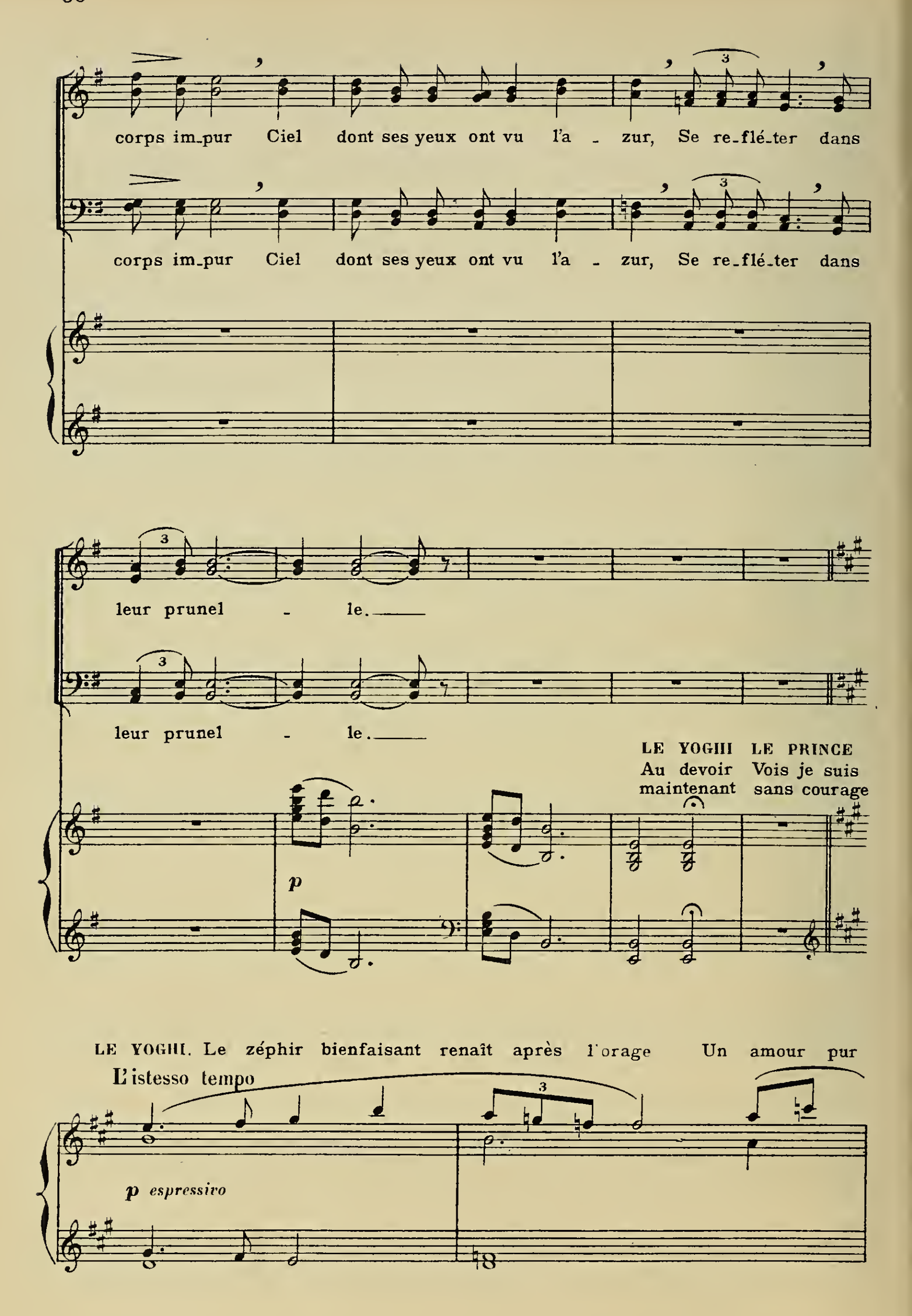
N° 11. Choral funèbre, Mort d'Izeÿl



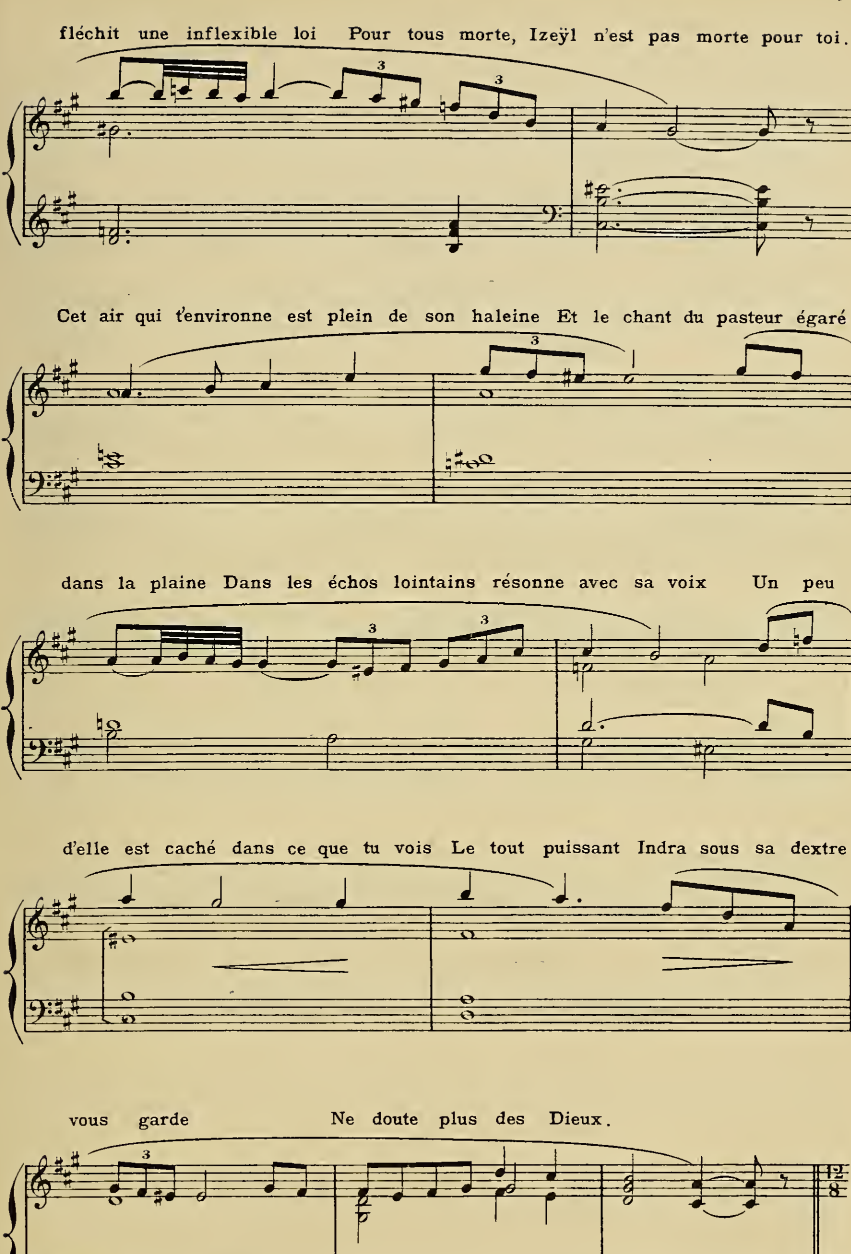


pè-se pas O ter-re que foulaient ses pas, Lé-gers com-me
pè-se pas O ter-re que foulaient ses pas, Lé-gers com-me
ceux des ga-zel - les.
ceux des ga-zel - les.
LE YOGHI. Air que sa bouche a respiré Aux roses du matin mêlée
p
Par toi ce tombeau soit pa-
Par toi ce tombeau soit pa-
De quelque germe inesperé Fleuris cette tombe exilée!

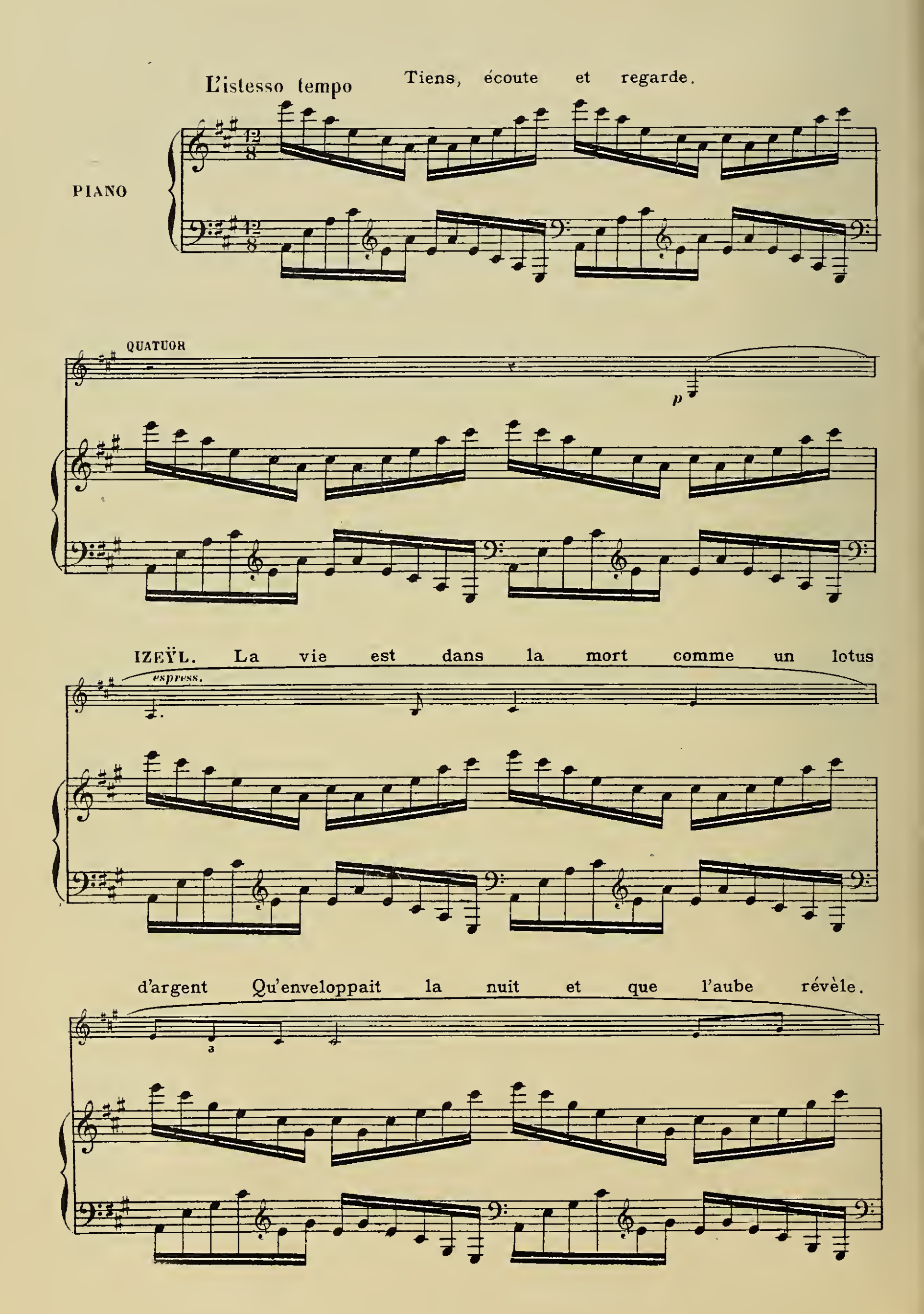

_ ré ___ Air que sa bouche a res_pi _ ré Aux ro_ses du ma_tin mê _
_ ré ___ Air que sa bouche a res_pi _ ré Aux ro_ses du ma_tin mê _
_ lé _ e ___
_ lé _ e ___
LE PRINCE. Ciel dont ses yeux ont vu l'azur Se refléter dans leur prunelle
p
Prends pi _ tié de ce
Prends pi _ tié de ce
Respecte dans ce corps impur Le temple d'une âme éternelle.


corps im_pur Ciel dont ses yeux ont vu l'a - zur, Se re_flé_ter dans
corps im_pur Ciel dont ses yeux ont vu l'a - zur, Se re_flé_ter dans
leur prunel - le.
leur prunel - le.
LE YOGHI
Au devoir maintenant
LE PRINCE
Vois je suis sans courage
p
LE YOGHI. Le zéphir bienfaisant renaît après l'orage Un amour pur
L'istesso tempo
p espressivo

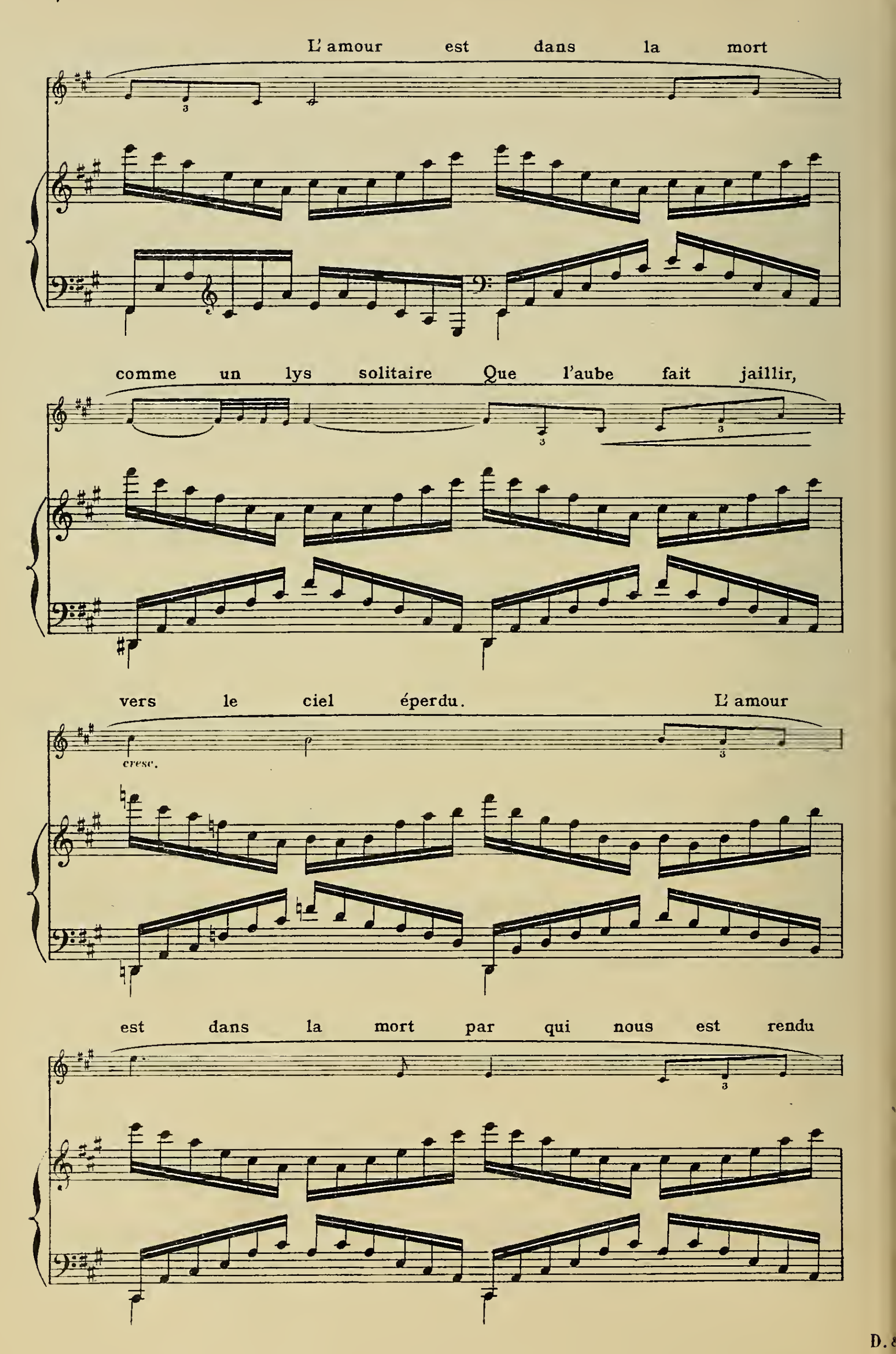
D.


fléchit une inflexible loi Pour tous morte, Izeÿl n'est pas morte pour toi.
Cet air qui t'environne est plein de son haleine Et le chant du pasteur égaré
dans la plaine Dans les échos lointains résonne avec sa voix Un peu
d'elle est caché dans ce que tu vois Le tout puissant Indra sous sa dextre
vous garde Ne doute plus des Dieux.
Enchaînez

Nº 12. Nirvana




La
vie est dans la mort qui, seule, renouvelle
L'immuable beauté dans le monde changeant.
La vie est dans la mort comme un lotus d'argent.


L' amour est dans la mort
comme un lys solitaire Que l'aube fait jaillir,
vers le ciel éperdu. L' amour
cresc.
est dans la mort par qui nous est rendu

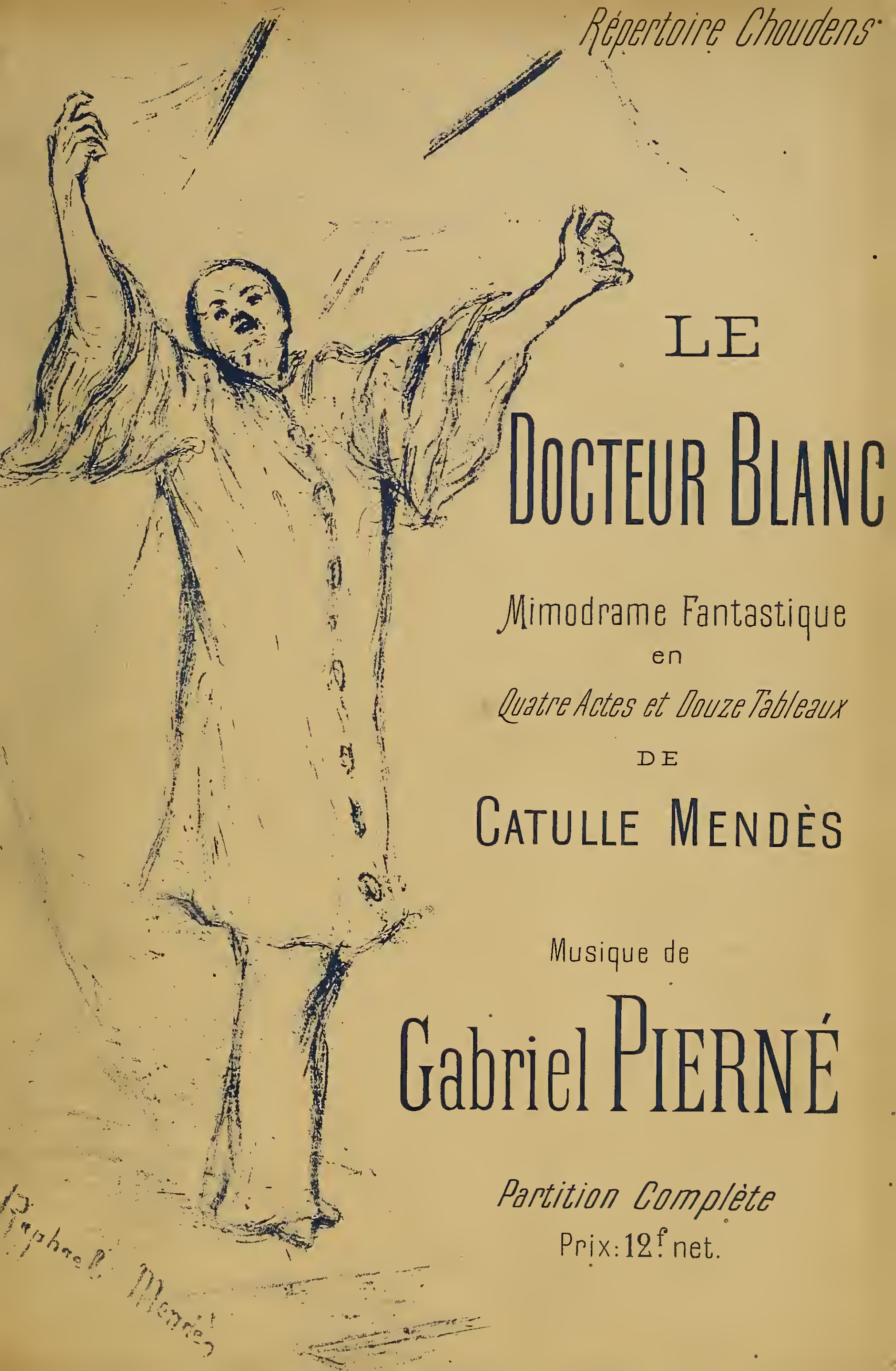

Tout ce que notre espoir a rêvé sur la terre
L'amour est dans la mort comme un lys solitaire.
TÉNORS
pp
La
BASSES
pp
La
vie est dans la
vie est dans la



L. Parent, Gr.

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